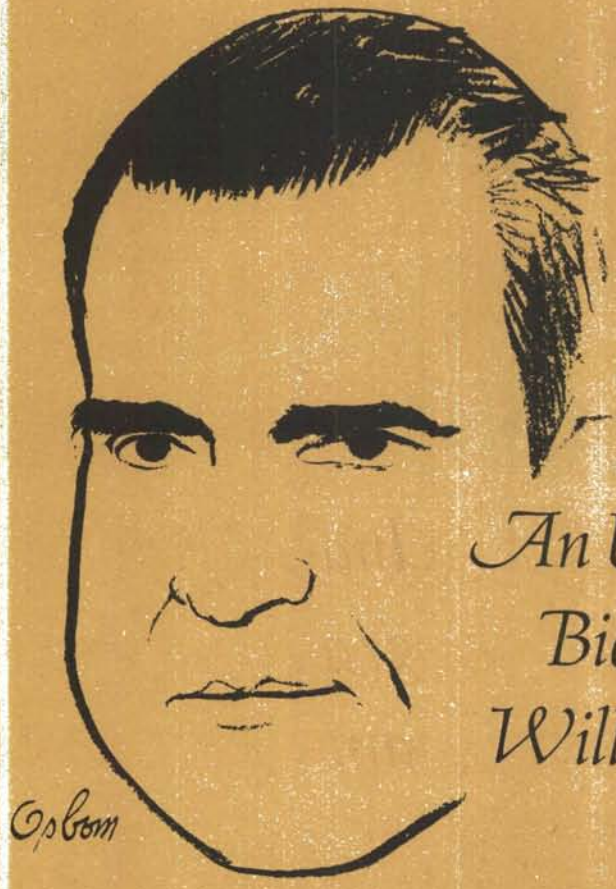
THE NEW REPUBLIC

The Facts About Nixon



An Unauthorized Biography by William Costello

September 28, 1959, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Following Mr. K

★ To be candid about it, travelling with Nikita Khrushchev produces a galling sense of irritation. He is a fascinating figure, compounded of such bizarre contrasts as Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, W. C. Fields, Jimmy Hoffa and – oddly enough – Winston Churchill. He is comical as a clown and tough as nails. The unspoken source of his confidence is the very fact of his being here. Six months ago the Administration said, "Put down your gun or we won't play!" Well, the gun is still pointed – and Mr. Khrushchev is here.

He began lecturing the United States shortly after the wheels of his Turbo-Jet airliner smoked their rubber at Andrews Airport. He played with his hat at the welcome of an ill-at-ease Eisenhower and stole the show. This was amusing enough but thereafter his rough-tough lines grew more conspicuous. There is some evidence that he has misjudged the temper of the country and believes that he can bully a soft adversary.

At the National Press Club, Mr. Khrushchev sounded his principal themes: co-existence, peace and more trade. A couple of brutal questions were thrown at him which, for American self-respect, had to be put sooner or later along the route – about Hungary, and his personal relations with Stalin. Suddenly those who had seen only his quizzical drollery got a revelation. Here was a man of ruthless force and will. Saturation TV coverage carried the subsequent story.

Khrushchev let himself go next day before the Economic Club of New York. A polite question on Soviet censorship and radio jamming brought it about. Mr. K did not bother to be diplomatic. He treated the audience like one at home. His voice rose to a shout. He had come on the President's invitation, he said: he was not going to brook opposition, "to beg"; the issue of censorship was a domestic affair. Besides that we had refused a passport to Paul Robeson. The chairman of the meeting tried to end with a pleasantry. But nobody could forget the scene.

Mr. K's proposal to end armaments was as simple as a minister's proposal to end sin. Just end it. Two-thirds of his speech at the UN could have been given by Eisenhower. He told of the horrors of war and the joys of turning arms expenses to peaceful pursuits. But Mr. K assigned every virtue to Communists, every vice to the West.

It was a tremendous scene in the great modernistic hall of the UN as he presented his hour-and-a-half speech under spotlights, with spectators all wearing earphones, in a building that rises to a roaring dome and looks like part conservatory, part cathedral and part wigwam.

The Moon in His Pocket

★ Only a psychiatrist could tell how much Wilsonian idealism and how much cold cynicism was in Khrushchev's mind. "Four years to Utopia!" ejaculated one reporter. For the simple-hearted, the Communists had once again grabbed the peace football.

A nation which has Eisenhowers gets Khrushchevs. Mr. K gives to this reporter the impression of contemptuous self-confidence. Repeatedly he mentions that the Soviet is turning out three engineers to one in America. He arrived in Washington with the moon in his pocket. Mr. K emphasizes that the Soviet has a sense of mission, of knowing where it is going. Under the tranquilizers of Washington America lacks what Lippmann calls a sense of national purpose. Perhaps even Khrushchev cannot arouse the country.

Make-Believe?

★ Congress slipped out of Washington so quietly during Khrushchev's arrival it was hardly missed. Its final act was to tack an inadequate civil rights bill on an inadequate foreign aid bill. The House quit at 6:21 a.m. one morning and the Senate at 6:24 a.m. It was gone, and so fluttered out the hopes of last fall.

With the biggest Democratic majority in a generation Congress knuckled under to Eisenhower's increasing conservatism. Furthermore (and perhaps politically more serious) it failed to draw a red-hot issue with the Administration on which to fight the 1960 battle.

This reporter would say Democratic prospects for 1960 are today none too good though it is a long way to election. What we rather imagine as of this date is that old reliable Adlai Stevenson will get the nod. We see the convention beating itself out between Humphrey-Kennedy-Williams forces and so-called "middle-road" (*i.e.* conservative) Lyndon Johnson-Stuart Symington forces. We like Adlai, always have; but we are not certain that he would arouse the nation on a third try.

If the Democrats nominate somebody whom Republicans think they can beat there is more prospect that they will pick Nixon rather than Rockefeller. The GOP convention comes after the Democrats' so they can wait and see.

Maybe there isn't any real difference between parties. Maybe it is all make-believe. This last session of Congress sometimes gave that impression.

Fiscal Trouble Ahead

★ A remarkable story from Washington led the *Wall Street Journal* recently: its headline, "Fiscal Crisis." It forecast: a crisis "of major proportions." It attributed these views to "top officials of the Eisenhower Administration." Necessary steps to prevent it – "tight money curb and power to lift bond rates." It said, "Ike might recall Congress." The man who wrote the story was the *Journal*'s able editor, Vermont Royster.

Observers have waited tensely to see if the Administration was really going to press the panic button again. So far we can't say. The stock market has been falling, but the market is not too important to the economy. Business as a whole is booming, momentarily at least. We happen to know that Lyndon Johnson demanded to know of Everett Dirksen, Senate Minority Leader, before Congress quit, if the White House really considered a special session. "Almost certainly not," came the reply. A good deal will depend on how long the steel strike lasts and whether this fall's new compact automobiles are a hit.

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In practical affairs, having an informed opinion is rarely as useful as having the right opinion. Take the question of whether it is right to be for Rockefeller. It may not be right today, but it might be tomorrow. The nightmare of those whose business is opinion is that what seems right on Monday will prove wrong on Tuesday. Keeping up with the Gallup Poll isn't enough. The trick is to reach for what is coming without losing a grip on what's here. Timing is everything.

These are thoughts that come to mind when reading the latest book of etiquette for status-seekers (*The In and Out Book*, by Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt). Those who are In, say Benton and Schmidt, know that Pogo, psychoanalysis, Zen Buddhism and buying *The New Yorker* every week are Out. So is making an issue of not reading books by people who win the Nobel prize. But back copies of *Popular Mechanics* are In; also Welsh Nationalism.

People who don't care whether they're In or Out don't have to bother with Benton and Schmidt. Or they may prefer the more scholarly descriptions of David Riesman or Vance Packard of what and who sets the tone. Packard, who was In until his books began to sell, tells us for example that "for the egghead, being a Democrat is the chic and daring thing to do." But that does not mean it is the In thing to do, for *The In and Out Book* says that it is now Out to be chic, though "being active in local politics is very In."

But what about Big Politics? When is it going to be In to be partisan, rather than independent? And, when is it going to be Out for candidates to insist they aren't running for the Presidency, or for columnists to say that a politician is a statesman, when they mean a clever tactician? William James in his "Talks to Teachers" said that he felt that "in our country, correctness, fairness and compromise are crowding out all other qualities," and that the "higher heroisms and the old rare flavors are passing out of life." They have certainly passed out of political life, and it is only by a strong effort of will that many people can sustain a serious interest in what is happening in Washington. How long will that remain so? Longer than the longest Russian proverb.

As for Mr. K, it looks at this moment as if that old sparrow is Out; anyone who thinks Walter Reuther is a "capitalist stooge" or that Americans aren't capable of burying their country without his help hasn't got the idea at all. On the other hand, Madame Khrushcheva is definitely In, and it's a crying shame she never got to Disneyland. Though Disneyland is Out.

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Where the Chinas Collide

The midsummer campaigning season in the Formosa Strait passed quietly this year. Communist shells occasionally kicked up the dust on Quemoy's dry fields of millet and the Nationalist guns replied: but the 47 modern jet air bases that the Communists have built within easy range of Formosa exhibited no activity characteristic of a build-up for an immediate attack.

By deliberate Nationalist, as well as Communist, design, however, the offshore islands remain a tinderbox. A hundred thousand Nationalist troops are still spread over the two island groups of Quemoy and Matsu. They were well equipped and well dug in a year ago: now their arsenals include new 12-inch guns and high velocity rifles. The Communists on the mainland and adjoining islands have meanwhile increased the number of big guns pointed at the Quemoy complex from 500 to 700 since last fall. This, Nationalist Premier Chen Cheng told his Parliament last week, is one of the signs that "they are waiting for the best moment to move."

To the Kuomintang group which surrounds Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek there are cogent reasons for deploying a third of the Nationalist army's effective forces on the offshore islands. The garrisons serve as a constant reminder to the mainland people that Formosa is still an active center of Chinese resistance to Communism: if there ever were an invasion of the mainland, the offshore islands would be essential reinforcement depots, if not actual springboards; and, finally, they do stand guard over Amoy and Foochow.

The real and urgent question is whether there is not an acceptable alternative. Even the most ardent Nationalist cannot equate Quemoy with Berlin. Must we accept, then, as the only effective guarantee of Formosa's continued security, repetition of the agonizing and dangerous crises that have marked the recent history of the Formosa Strait?

To the Communists, the offshore islands are undoubtedly a constant irritant, or worse. Peking will not, and cannot, rest until the Nationalist garrisons are eliminated. Of course, it would be folly to assume that possession of these meager islands would satisfy the Communists. But in the final analysis, the guard against Peking's greed is the Formosa Defense Pact and the US 7th Fleet. The abrogation of the pact and the withdrawal of American aid from Formosa would clearly signal the end of the Nationalist regime and any hope of a free Formosa. Similarly, the Communists know that they can attempt to take Formosa only at the certainty of war with the US. That is the deterrent.

Mr. Dulles shattered the Nationalists' myth of return when he publicly expressed doubt in 1958 whether Chiang's standard would ever serve to rally the peoples on the mainland. If there was face to be lost, it was lost then; yet the regime survived even this blow to dignity.

Today it would not only survive a retreat into Fortress Formosa, it would profit from it. American economic aid, the technical skills of the sophisticated mainland exiles, the hard labor of the Formosan people and the fertility of the Formosan soil have combined well. But the huge Nationalist military machine and the duplication of government are major barriers to Formosan economic progress. Beyond a certain point, military aid becomes an economic liability. Defense and administrative expenditures will account for more than four-fifths of the national budget this year.

If Formosa is to become an enduring, independent economic unit, there is a need to prune these defense costs and to divert to productive effort a substantial proportion of the 600,000-man Nationalist army.

Bonn and Warsaw

Alas for the goodwill which actuated the first conciliatory West German gesture to Poland since the war! On August 31 – the eve of the 20th anniversary of Hitler's invasion of Poland – a reluctant Chancellor Adenauer broadcast to the Polish people of the great wrongs inflicted on them by the quarrels of neighbors, of the "new Germany" of today which is so different from the Nazi Reich.

But – as is usual with him – Adenauer did not consent to make the broadcast without exacting his own terms. He inserted two references to the Soviet invasion and partition of Poland, thereby branding the Soviet Union as a joint aggressor with the Nazi Reich. This is an incontrovertible fact, but it was tactless to point it out to a Poland ruled by Communists.

The Polish Prime Minister thereupon accused Adenauer of "trying to drive a wedge between Poland and the Soviet Union" (this was not far short of the truth). The Polish press attributed the broadcast solely to President Eisenhower's influence, and not at all to any German desire for real friendship. The Warsaw *Trybuna Ludu* refused for two days to publish the letter of a Christian Democratic member of the Bundestag expressing deep personal remorse for the Nazi oppression of Poland and written in total ignorance of Adenauer's impending broadcast.

Subsequent Polish reactions have been more reasoned. The Polish Foreign Office has said that the establishment of diplomatic relations with Bonn is still considered eminently feasible, and that Poland would not insist on a prior recognition of the Oder-Neisse line; the Polish Foreign Minister, Adam Rapacki, has made soothing noises and was even reported as having drunk a toast to German-Polish friendship. But in Western Germany itself, the incident has produced a chain-reaction which shows just how difficult a "thaw" in this key region of Central Europe will be.

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The refugee associations in Western Germany are furious over the Adenauer broadcast and have mounted a full-scale attack on the *Verzicht-Politiker* – or politicians ready to renounce the old German eastern provinces beyond the Oder-Neisse line. One of the refugees' principal spokesmen in the Bundestag, Baron von Manteuffel-Szoege, declared that Germany would "never surrender" Breslau, Stettein and Koenigsberg (the last named town is today in the Soviet Union, has been renamed Kaliningrad and, as far as is known, does not contain a single German inhabitant).

Bonn is in an embarrassing position. It wants diplomatic relations with Poland, but it cannot renounce German claims to the lost eastern provinces, for this could lose the government parties a million votes at the next Federal election. In the circumstances the Foreign Office is for the moment sitting tight, saying nothing.

The biggest gesture by far which Western Germany could make toward Poland would be recognition of the Oder-Neisse line. But there is at least a fair case to be argued that frontier questions can only be settled by a final German Peace Treaty, and that the West as a whole can use the Oder-Neisse question as a bargaining-counter in negotiations with the Communist Bloc.

What would a "magnificent renunciation" of their old homes in the East by the German refugees be worth? Perhaps a more liberal agreement over Germany as a whole; perhaps an interim solution of the Berlin problem acceptable to the West; perhaps a Soviet concession in the field of conventional disarmament. One thing is sure – whatever the wishes of either Mr. Khrushchev or Mr. Eisenhower – Adenauer will have no part in such a renunciation, for his eyes are firmly fixed on the 1961 election.

Kennedy in Ohio

A major mystery to former supporters of Estes Kefauver for President is why Senator Kennedy seems so confident the Kefauver technique will win for him when it failed its originator. Yet Kennedy sets so much store by the direct primary way of winning delegates that he was already out barnstorming Ohio – which holds a binding Presidential primary next May 3 – while his colleagues were still catching up on their sleep.

The Kennedy candidacy is presently in a doldrum – as are those of his Democratic rivals for the nomination. Kefauver faced the same situation in 1952 and 1956 when the party leaders with the largest blocs of convention votes refused to be lured into early commitments. Favorite sons are even more numerous this year than they were during Kefauver's two tries – standing in the way of anyone's lining up a pre-convention majority. In this group are: New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Texas, New York. Kennedy desperately wants to keep Ohio's 64 convention votes out of that class – regardless of whether they would be pledged to Governor Di Salle or Senator Lausche, both possibilities. And his four days of hedge-hopping the state by chartered plane have made it harder for Di Salle supporters to seal the state off for the Governor.

The Kennedy crowds were large and enthusiastic, and important cracks are opening up in the Ohio Democratic organization: Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) leaders have endorsed Kennedy and the chairman of Hamilton County (Cincinnati) is encouraging him to stay in the race.

In Ohio, as wherever he goes, the Senator from Massachusetts has praised the primary method of selecting candidates. All his campaign needs, he thinks, is opponents willing to test strength with him in the early rounds. It's too bad Estes Kefauver isn't running this year and can't oblige him.

Was Congress that Bad?

Has the 86th Congress "failed abysmally," as the Committee for an Effective Congress charges? The record is not that bad. Much of the legislation was not as good as it should have been, but there is more good than bad in the bills that were passed on labor reform, housing, highway financing, airport construction, Hawaiian statehood, air and water pollution, income taxes on life insurance firms, TVA financing, increases in the US subscription to the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and creation of the Inter-American Development Bank.

The record, however, scarcely justifies Speaker Rayburn's assertion that, "If there is anything very important that hasn't been done [in this session] I don't know." Striking a safer balance between nuclear and conventional military defense is "very important." So are more classrooms. So is a Congressional declaration of support of the Supreme Court's desegregation decrees. On these, nothing was done.

Moreover, while it is true that great things cannot be expected of the Legislative Branch in the formulation or conduct of foreign affairs, an exception – a most important one – is foreign economic policy. For here control of the purse gives Congress substantial power, which it chose not to use.

When a bipartisan majority of the Foreign Relations Committee proposed long-term financing for the Development Loan Fund, the disconcerted opposition (also bipartisan) had to make its attack not on the merits but on a parliamentary point of order – objecting to long-term authorizations, as against annual appropriations, as if they had never been used for farm price supports and federal housing, as well as for the Export-Import

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Bank and the World Bank. The Majority Leader, to Senator Fulbright's dismay, did not even consider making a fight of it, preferring to negotiate a "compromise" which conceded exactly what Loan Fund opponents wanted (defeat of the long-term principle).

Likewise, the murder of the mild grant provisions in Senator Humphrey's "Food for Peace" bill was disgraceful. Using our food surpluses to feed hungry people involves no taxpayer's sacrifice; no one knows what to do with our surplus anyway, except pay for storing more of it. The fact that Secretary Benson lobbied against the bill as much to spite Humphrey as for any other reason does not alibi the Democratic failure to unite behind a program that is both humane and politically safe.

Yet the explanation for such failures is not only that Lyndon Johnson under-valued the educative effect of demanding more – settling for too little, too early – or that the liberal minority displayed too little steadiness under fire. It is that, in the words of the President at his September 17 press conference, "until there is a situation where both Executive and Legislature are controlled by the same party I believe we cannot fix responsibility, and there cannot be really the kind of leadership of the whole nation that the nation deserves."

The nation deserves and can afford more than the President imagines, but his analysis is realistic. By virtue of his power of veto – which requires a two-thirds vote by the Congress to override – the President can outvote Congress two to one when he chooses. Furthermore, the President has the only national forum from which to rouse national support for new programs, and the Democratic majority in Congress found out this year what it was like to try to lead a Republican President whose energy has gone into blocking even measures he once proposed (such as federal aid to school construction), and who seems unable to distinguish the public account from private budgeting.

The delusion that electing a President and a Congress of opposite parties establishes some kind of Golden Mean will have to be shattered before the kind of government the nation needs comes to power.

From the 50-Yard Line

No confidence is violated in reporting that college football has become a professional sport, not for the lad who just wants to toss a ball around. Aside from generating revenue for new band uniforms, a carillon or a snack bar in the Student Union the game's chief function seems to be the development of players for the major professional football leagues, which look upon it openly as the baseball majors regard the minor league. Even the law agrees. The Colorado Supreme Court has twice held that a player injured in practice was in legal fact an employee of the University of Denver hired to play football and thus entitled to collect workmen's compensation for disability from his injury.

Meanwhile, the "tramp athlete" who moves from school to school seeking higher pay is becoming a headache to the college coaches, who complain of his low standard of business ethics.

The coaches have a case. 19,280,708 people attended college football games last season – and most of them paid. This is big business. Yet after investing thousands of dollars in recruiting and developing an athlete, colleges have no sure way of getting their money back. Even the federal government is more business-like than that, exacting repayment with interest from the students who receive national defense scholarships.

Why, therefore, shouldn't colleges adopt in their standard athletic contracts some version of the "reserve clause" used in frankly-professional sports? This clause binds the athlete for his whole professional life, giving him tenure, so to speak. Thus, the man who goes to college to play football would become the property of the club which hires him. And as in professional baseball, the club would even be forbidden to share with him its profit on his sale.

A New Design

The New Republic has worn two different faces, typographically speaking, since its first issue in 1914. For the first two decades, the elegant austerity of the Caslon Old Style design of Ingalls Kimball reflected the scholarly and somewhat leisurely quality of a weekly fashioned on traditional British models. In the late Thirties and Forties, this style was replaced by one that was bolder and more aggressive, expressive of crisis. Subsequently, this punchy and somewhat didactic format was modified, bit by bit, and in the early Fifties small changes were made but no basic re-design was attempted. Noel Martin's new design, of which this issue is the first example, is thus the second, major typographic revision in the magazine's history. The intent has been to establish a serious, straight-forward, but low-budget character, to offer a type that is easily read and yet traditional in spirit, and a format that is free of the animation and the tricks of advertising.

Mr. Martin, whose work with the Cincinnati Art Museum, cultural and educational institutions and a variety of business concerns, has brought him recognition as among the most talented of the young American typographic designers, chose Palatino as *The New Republic's* new type face. Palatino is a recent creation of the German designer Hermann Zapf and is derived from the work of a 16th Century Italian writing-master. It is used here for the first time in a US magazine.

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PARIS

De Gaulle Puts His Cards on the Table

For everyone who saw and heard General de Gaulle deliver his message on Algeria, nothing could have been more moving than the sight of this West European chief of state seeking to bend the course of history to his own concept of France, of economic realities, of a belief in universal suffrage. Who would ever have dreamed when I was in Algeria some months ago that the President of the French Republic could talk of a plebiscite, of the possibility of secession, of self-determination – all without provoking a sharp reaction from the military and a veritable civil war in Algeria? It looked then as though the Army, without actually allying itself with the extremists, had nonetheless appropriated their watchword: talk of integration was the only thing the military would hear without exploding. Several high officers had confided to me their conflict between a desire to be loyal to a distinguished leader and to be true to the oath they had sworn on May 13 to "keep Algeria French." The whole situation was at a dead end.

Today, however, one thing is clear and not to be underestimated: There are no longer two Algerian policies in France – the policy of the Elysee on the one hand, and that of the Army and the Prime Minister on the other. There is but a single policy from now on out: General de Gaulle's policy. The President is not letting the chiefs of staff in Algeria dictate policy for him.

General de Gaulle's speech contains three salient points. The first is the affirmation of the principle of self-determination, a principle to which he has adhered resolutely ever since his advent to power.

> "The political destiny of Algeria lies in Algeria herself." – *September 23, 1958.*
>
> "I say that France has a clear-cut plan and I affirm that she is carrying this plan out in order to insure that Algeria shall herself discover the new personality of her own country." – *March 26, 1959.*
>
> "The destiny of Algeria shall be determined by the Algerians. I cannot predict the precise moment when the political destiny of Algeria will assume its final form." – *June 9, 1959.*

And finally, upon the occasion of his last military trip to Algeria, General de Gaulle forcefully told the officers in charge of the pacification campaign: "We will not remain in Algeria any longer than the Algerians want us to stay."

There had been official contacts prior to the famous press conference of October 28, 1958, in the course of which General de Gaulle had invited the leaders of the FLN to come to Paris to discuss a cease-fire with him. Emissaries of the French Government had assured the Algerian leaders in Tunisia that the cease-fire discussions might well spill over into discussions of the future organization of a plebiscite. But likewise, it had already been made clear that the political future of Algeria would not be discussed with them alone.

And here, in fact, is the second basic point of General de Gaulle's historic speech last week. Self-determination means abandoning the concept of French sovereignty in favor of the sovereignty, not of an Algerian state which does not exist and which according to de Gaulle never did exist, but rather in favor of the Algerian people. A year ago, first in Rome and then in Cairo, the Egyptian Minister, Sarhoit O'Cacha, told me that if France were to give the Algerians the right of self-determination, neither foreigners nor even their "Arab brothers" could claim preferential rights for the FLN. Since that time, of course, the FLN has constituted itself a government, and this government has been recognized by both Egypt and Tunisia. Nonetheless, in this war, where battles are so often waged in the name of magic words, self-determination has retained its mystical appeal. Against the magic of this word, to which the solemn pledges of General de Gaulle have lent political substance, the Provisional Military Government of the Algerian Republic has set itself in opposition.

Negotiating with the FLN

But why should France not negotiate the terms of self-determination with the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic? De Gaulle's answer is that

> "If those who lead the insurrection claim for all Algerians the right to self-determination, well-then, all paths are wide open. . . . If the men who represent the political organization of the insurrection intend not to be excluded from the debate, or later, from the polls, or finally, from the institutions which will determine the fate of Algeria and ensure its political life, I proclaim that they will have the same place as all the others – no more, no less – a hearing, a share, a place which will be granted them by the votes of the citizens."

This means that as of today all members of the Provisional Algerian Government could demand that a political entity be formed which would permit them to carry on their propaganda campaign in Algeria itself. But they may not, during the period before the people of Algeria have had a chance to express their free choice, form a transitional government with the organization, the army and the ideology which are theirs at present. And here we come to the third basic point.

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General de Gaulle believes that prior to French colonization, Algeria was a territory with so unstable an order, and that the presence of France there is of such ancient duration, and that the common interests of France and Algeria are so profound, that the conflict cannot be settled simply in terms of a colonial dispute pure and simple. He admits the strength of the Algerian Nationalist movement, and the partially representative character of the FLN, but he asserts that whatever may have happened in the past, there are today 120,000 Moslems from Algeria serving in the French Army; that hundreds of thousands of families have opted in favor of France; and that thousands of others, once they better understand the advantages of a close association, will abandon the FLN, or should, in any case, be given the opportunity to express themselves freely.

Why the Intransigence?

For the foreigner at least, the problem is not whether integration, or association, or independence is best, but simply the problem of peace. The FLN is what it is – that is, it is what French colonial policy and past humiliation of the Algerian people have made it. It can be regretted and, for my part, I do not hesitate to say today that I do regret it. The fact remains that when certain Algerian leaders demanded to be French citizens their request was refused and second-class citizenship was offered them. When they wanted a federation, their elections were faked. When they constituted themselves into an insurrection movement, not demanding until 1957 the very things which are being offered them today, M. Guy Mollet sent them packing and sped the departure of Mendes-France from the government. Next, the rebels formed a government. Emphasizing their Arabism – more as a tactical gesture than through conviction – they allied themselves with the Afro-Asian emancipation movement. They became more and more alienated from any possibility of finding a common road with France. Now, they are suddenly invited to collaborate in a program that could mean their disbanding, even their liquidation.

One must, as I do, recognize the courage, the skill, the positive nature of General de Gaulle's overtures, yet at the same time understand the sensitivities and the embarrassments of the FLN. Several young Algerians, intellectuals educated in the French tradition, recently told me at Casablanca: "We are for the FLN, which we shall never abandon, but at the same time we are opposed to an abstract and meaningless independence. What we are hoping is to influence the FLN movement later on in the direction of a truly meaningful association."

It is this trend of thought which it is important to encourage. In the eyes of the majority of the most vital elements among the Algerian people, the FLN is the repository, *even when it is wrong*, of Algerian honor. Moreover, it is to the FLN that the Algerians owe everything which France is offering them today. Under these circumstances it is a serious mistake (the only mistake in General de Gaulle's speech) to appear to want to play the Algerian people against the FLN, and to adopt an over-casual attitude toward the very thing which, when all is said and done, remains essential: the indispensable conversations with those who are making war, as a prelude to establishing a constructive peace. There is nothing that General de Gaulle could not have said more effectively in a different tone. For after all, if the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic is not given recognition by France, it can nonetheless make a counter-proposal and request that a political entity be constituted which would bear its name and colors. If it is not to be treated as an exclusively representative authority it could be asked, since it enjoys such respect in Algeria, to produce political proof of such exclusive authority. It would have been easy for General de Gaulle to have left this door open.

The door is not closed, but still certain words carried a sting. Why? In France we know why. It was important to show all the Moslems who chose France, all those who out of conviction or fear asked for protection by the French army, that they never will be arbitrarily turned over to a government of the FLN. The words were important to assuage the conscience of the many French officers, haunted by remorse at having abandoned the Viet-Namese Catholics, who had promised the Moslem peoples under their protection that they would never be abandoned.

Some of the rebel leaders favor an intransigent attitude, believing it will pay in the end. The war has gone on for five years; why not continue to wait and avoid the risk of compromises which might appear suspect? There is no need for round-table discussions, for elections, nor for a plebiscite. What is needed is negotiation with the one and only Algerian authority – namely, themselves, the Provisional Government of the Algerian Republic. They have not fought so bloody a revolution, nor had so many martyrs, only at the end to place their destiny once more in the hands of a French President, no matter how great his prestige.

In this situation, the obligation of those in other countries, and perhaps especially in the United States, who wish to help us consists of understanding the revolutionary decisions contained in General de Gaulle's message and in bringing about a rapprochement between the two parties. They have never before been so close; the military goals of the FLN have been attained. There remain now only the procedural problems of guarantees of good faith, of legal acumen. To solve these, we are undeniably in need of outside aid.

JEAN DANIEL

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What Our Guest Can't Say

To attribute to Nikita S. Khrushchev the character of an impractical idealist is, to say the least of it, unconventional. But consider the implications of these words from his article in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*:

> "The Europeans might have benefited a great deal in their day if, instead of organizing senseless crusades which invariably ended in failure, they had established peaceful relations with the differently-minded peoples of the Moslem East."

It is true that friendly instead of warlike intercourse with the Saracens might have acquainted us three hundred years earlier with algebra, Aristotle, and decimal notation; and these innovations might have begun the Renaissance in the 12th Century. But Mr. Khrushchev's assumption that this would necessarily have been a good thing for humanity is impractical idealism.

If the Revival of Learning had come three centuries earlier it is conceivable that Ambroise Pare might have made the discoveries of Lister, and Isaac Newton might have reasoned like Einstein. But in that case Lord George Germain could have had the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, and with that weapon in his hands even the fabulously incompetent Sackville probably would have obliterated Washington and his army.

If Mr. Khrushchev inclines to dismiss this as metaphysical moonshine, let him examine his own article. He shows with the utmost lucidity that there is no compelling reason, logical, geographical, or economic, why the United States and Russia may not come to an understanding that will enable them to reduce the burden of armament that is draining the resources of both nations and offering an increasing threat to the peace of the world.

Yet such an understanding is highly improbable because there is an obstacle in the way that has thus far proved insurmountable. It is not logical, geographical, or economic. It is moral, but nonetheless factual. It consists of three elements, to wit:

(a) Uncle Sam regards Mother Russia as a liar.

(b) Mother Russia regards Uncle Sam as the same.

(c) Both of them can prove it.

This, the true obstacle, could not be the subject of conversation between Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Khrushchev because neither of them is in a position to do anything about it. It results from the moral retardation that causes both the Russian and the American people to exempt the head of the state from the standard of veracity to which individuals are held.

If Mr. Eisenhower publicly admitted that Chiang Kai-shek is no more the rightful ruler of China than Eisenhower himself is, he would not be praised, he would be bitterly censured. If Mr. Khrushchev publicly admitted the truth about Hungary, he would probably be shot. So they lie, blandly and blamelessly, not because Khrushchev is Ananias *redivivus* and Eisenhower the Munchausen of Gettysburg, but because each speaks for a state enormously advanced technologically, but that has passed but little beyond the moral imbecility characteristic of barbarism.

The single advantage of the Americans is that they have some dim apprehension of this truth. It was an American political leader who admitted that if the people once "become inattentive to the public affairs, you and I, and Congress and Assemblies, Judges and Governors, shall all become wolves." Some Americans know that government is necessitated, not by the virtue but by the villainy of mankind, and is attainted of its origin. It is restrained from becoming intolerably villainous only by the skepticism of citizens scrutinizing it "with an eye no moister/Than a too-long-open'd oyster."

Mr. Khrushchev believes, or at least adheres to the theory that government may attain decency without this restraint. Perhaps he is really unaware that his own government presents the most glaring example of the certainty with which rulers become wolves whenever and wherever the people begin to look upon them as anything other than most unfortunate necessities. This makes him an idealist far more extreme than Woodrow Wilson; for the old Ruling Elder never claimed that government is, but only that it might be made, subject to the rules of common decency. Wilson admitted that the achievement is still far off, and knew that it will never be attained except by the alertness of an informed people, unrelenting through many years, probably through many decades.

Americans accept that doctrine in principle, even though they continually backslide; and their acceptance is the mystery of the Democratic faith that Khrushchev has never penetrated.

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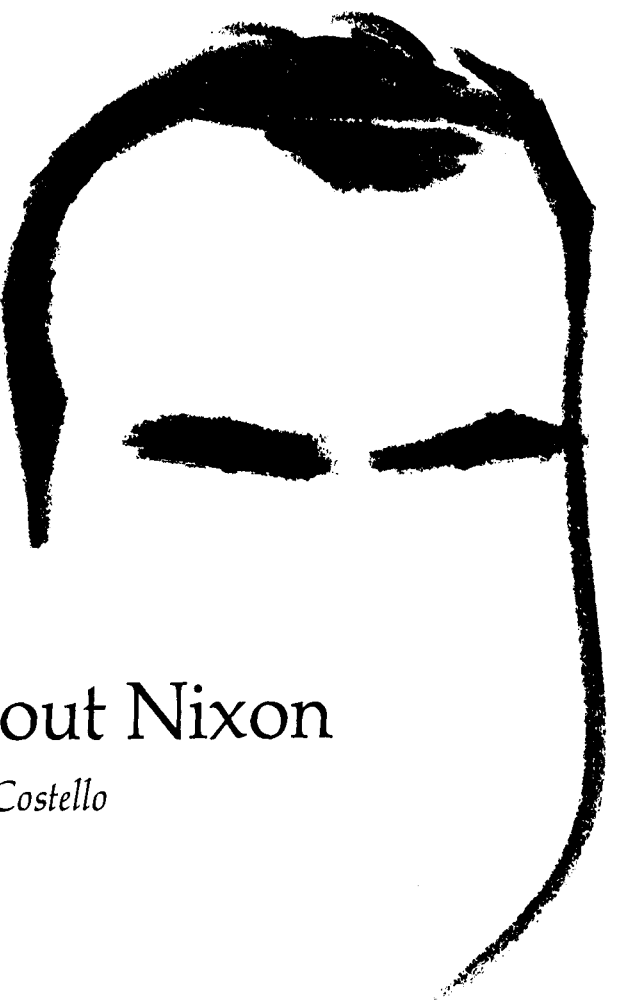
AN UNAUTHORIZED BIOGRAPHY

When the editors of The New Republic *asked* William Costello *more than a year ago to undertake a definitive study of the Nixon record, they were not in search of pumpkin papers. Many of the particulars were already in print, but the full story had yet to be presented whole. Mr. Costello, 55-year-old Washington political reporter, is a respected veteran in all news media – past president of the Radio-TV Correspondents Association (1955), CBS White House correspondent and Far East news director (1941-55), newspaper city editor* (Honolulu Star Bulletin, Omaha World-Herald, *1929-41). As the Mutual Network's White House correspondent he is now heard daily over 458 stations. Although his wide-ranging review of the Nixon career begins at the beginning with boyhood struggles and includes what is perhaps the first complete factual account of his record in Congress and the Vice Presidency, the focus is on Nixon as campaigner. He stresses that the Vice President could hardly have been expected to open his files to an unauthorized account of his life (an interview was not granted) and that only in intimate papers will some later biographer discover "the inner man, the lusty, gusty creature of impulse and passion." Of necessity what emerges here is the public personality of Nixon. "My undertaking," says Costello, "was simply to assemble the facts and let the record speak for itself. I specifically rejected what the Marchesa Iris Origo has called the three insidious temptations of biography: to suppress, to invent, and to sit in judgment."*



The Facts About Nixon

by William Costello

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"I have consistently maintained that where the record of an individual, his record of voting, his public remarks on issues, indicate how he might approach an international or a national problem, that record should be brought to the attention of the people. I expect *mine* to be brought forth."

Vice President Richard Nixon
The Sunday Times, London
Interview with Henry Brandon, January 4, 1959

A subdued, almost self-effacing Vice President Nixon stood in St. Paul's." So said the *London News Chronicle*, describing the scene November 26, 1958, as the President's representative stood solemnly beside Queen Elizabeth in ceremonies dedicating the great cathedral's American Memorial Chapel.

"Beneath the Vice President's firm, composed exterior," the *News Chronicle* added, "one could detect the awe of the village boy who had come such a long way in such a short time."

It was a patronizing touch, and perhaps not in the best taste, but for Richard Milhous Nixon it was not the least flattering remark that has been made about him. In 14 years he has made himself a worldwide symbol of conflict. And whether he goes on to a more exalted place in American life will depend, in his view, not primarily on anything he can do to change the patterns of the age but on his own adaptability. In revolt like so many of his generation against the aristocratic principle of leadership, he professes no sense of personal destiny. He has called himself a "fatalist about politics." In his philosophy, men do not make the times; it is rather the reverse.

"Political positions have always come to me because I was there," he said, "and it was the right time and the right place. It all depends on what the times call for."

This passive determinism is more often overlooked than not. Yet it is basic to his character. It infuses the whole with a temperamental air of detachment or impassiveness that sometimes seems almost unfeeling. It exists side by side with a welter of contradictory images which have proliferated with each new accession of power and public stature.

On the one hand he is the earnest, high-minded junior executive. He is incorruptible, he is "sincere," he is eager to please. He leads a blameless personal life. His favorite posture is ingratiating. Before statesmen he is grave and attentive. In college auditoriums he is studious and probing. On social occasions he is a master of small talk and unexceptionable banalities.

He is the "young fogey," solemnly presiding over the agenda of the National Security Council; he is the activist, now up, now down, but anxiously on the alert for a bill or a compromise. He is the friend of progress, with just the right vision of hope, the enemy of Communism with just the right moral tone of indignation. When he smiles, he does so to put the listener at ease and make him more receptive to what will follow. He has a folksy touch and a stock in trade of homely, colloquial illustrations.

President Eisenhower has called him "the most valuable member of my team."

Obversely, Nixon is called on to stand muster as the suave and ruthless partisan. To his enemies he is unprincipled, he is faithless, he is tricky. His humor is thin and brittle, his temperament moody and insecure. However violent his opinions, however harsh his attack, he preserves a hard, passionless composure. Mixing innuendo and invocation, he deplores sin without hating it and promises salvation for all who vote Republican. To some he is a hatchet man purely and simply, and to others a "Cardboard Man," often with two sides but without depth as a person. Like salesman Willie Loman, he is traveling on a shoeshine and a smile.

A prominent Republican who supported him in 1952 says, "It is a question whether he has convictions, or conclusions."

His is the new-style populism, a polished mastery of the shadow-play, "creating the illusion of magnificent drama" by the subtleties of an oversimplified appeal and the skillful exploitation of the mass media. As a pitchman he makes it clear that the problem at issue is basically simple and that once it is explained in easily understandable terms, as he is capable of explaining it, every right-thinking person will see the obvious solution – his solution. Complexities are quickly reduced to old-fashioned, one-syllable terms of right and wrong.

But, unquestionably he has a talent for exploiting the inevitable, for seizing the initiative, for keeping in with the outs, and for never getting between the dog and the lamppost.

To judge from Nixon's own words, his inner self remains an enigma. What he reveals publicly is a spare, spruce, expurgated version of the whole. In his self-portraiture, he lets it be thought that his emotional makeup differs fundamentally from that of his fellows, that he can bottle up his gustier impulses by a massive effort of will, and that only as occasion requires does he uncork the bottles for political effect.

The Greatest Error

Ralph Toledano was the first to reveal Nixon's rule of thumb: "... the only time to lose your temper in politics is when it's deliberate. The greatest error you can make in politics is to get mad...." Similarly, in discussing the riots at Lima and Caracas where he so nearly lost his life, Nixon told Robert T. Hartmann that he was not angry "because he never allows anger to

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predominate, and his chemistry is such that when a situation is tough he gets analytical and cold."

"I did not lose my temper," Nixon explained after the San Marco incident. "I intentionally don't lose my temper when other people are angry."

The Vice President dwelt on the same theme when he tried to recapture for Stewart Alsop his feelings during those trying moments in Latin America.

"My reaction to stress," he said, "... is sort of chemically delayed. While it is going on, I feel cold, matter-of-fact, analytical. At Lima ... when I saw the soft answer would not work, that they wouldn't let me speak, I allowed myself the luxury of showing my temper and called them cowards. It was deliberate, letting my temper show.... Then after a crisis like that is over, I feel this tremendous letdown ... as though I'd been in a battle."

If those around him sometimes find him cool, distant, perfunctory, his eyes not always in step with the expression on his face, it is because of his habit of withdrawal, a habit he justified as a tactical necessity in some situations.

"... Your mind must always go," he said, "even while you're shaking hands and going through all the maneuvers. I developed the ability long ago to do one thing while thinking of another...."

One of the best-authenticated accounts of Nixon's ability to turn his feelings on and off comes from his undergraduate days at Whittier College when he was taking an eager part in amateur dramatics. In one production, playing a bereaved old innkeeper, Richard had the stage entirely to himself at a climactic moment, and during rehearsal he was having trouble projecting the old man's tragic grief. It was the drama coach, Dr. Albert Upton, who saved the scene.

"Dick," he said, "concentrate real hard on getting a big lump in your throat, and I think you can cry real tears."

Dick practiced until he had the trick pat, and at the final performance tears flowed like magic. What recalled the incident for Dr. Upton was the sight of a news picture, in 1952, of Nixon crying on Senator Knowland's shoulder in the denouement of the expense fund crisis. "But mind you," Upton added hastily, "Dick is never spurious. He really felt it."

A Flash of Candor

In campaigns Nixon has prided himself on his skill with audiences. Once in California, however, under severe provocation, his control splintered. When a particularly noisy, obnoxious heckler threatened to break up a meeting, Nixon finally turned on him, and casting aside his practiced urbanity, gave the man a savage tongue-lashing. In a fiery flash of candor Nixon shouted so all could hear: "When we're elected, we'll take care of people like you! Okay, boys, throw him out!"

Such lapses have been rare. What fires of rage or rebellion may smolder in Nixon's innermost self can only be surmised. William S. White inferred that the Vice President's self-control involves an immense and sustained effort.

Nixon has earned a reputation as a tough political in-fighter and backroom fixer. As a partisan he has been compared to Harry Truman. Like the former President, in matters of party welfare, "he doesn't know where to stop – he goes the limit."

Partisan Justice

Some of his excesses have been excused by friends on the plea that he is ambitious. Sen. Robert A. Taft, a public servant whose conscience yielded nothing to his political ambitions, was one who rejected that defense. After the 1952 convention, in conversation with Joseph Polowsky, a friend and supporter, Taft spoke of Nixon regretfully as "a little man in a big hurry," said that he had a "mean and vindictive streak" when frustrated, and summed up his personality as one tending to "radiate tension and conflict." The Senator expressed a fervent hope that circumstances would never permit Nixon to accede to the Presidency.

Another eminent American who refused to accept the portrait of Nixon as an inoffensive eager-beaver was Speaker Sam Rayburn. During 47 years in the House, Rayburn's one inflexible rule had been never to speak ill of fellow members, but he broke the rule for Nixon. After the Vice President's brush with the treason issue in 1954, Rayburn rumbled, "So far as we are concerned, his name is mud." In a rare moment of bitterness he told intimates that Nixon had the "cruelest face" of all the thousands of Congressmen with whom he had served.

Nixon was wearing his partisan blinders on the occasion of his 1956 Lincoln Day speech in New York. In what was to become a cause celebre, he boasted of Republican Party advances in the field of civil rights and capped the recital by declaring proudly: "And speaking for a unanimous Supreme Court, a great Republican Chief Justice, Earl Warren, has ordered an end to racial segregation in the nation's schools."

Politicians and editors were aghast. The *New York Times* called the juxtaposition of the GOP and the high court "an immense disservice to the Chief Justice." The Scripps-Howard *Daily News* rebuked Nixon with the charge that he had "dragged the Supreme Court into sidewalk politics by the outlandish claim.... It was inaccurate, unnecessary and unpardonable." Others asserted the Vice President had overstepped "all bounds of propriety," that he demeaned "the entire caliber of justice by seeking to imbue it with a partisan flavor."

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The harshest stricture came from Columnist Walter Lippmann: "A man who will exploit for partisan purposes such a decision of the Supreme Court does not have within his conscience those scruples which the country has the right to expect in the President of the United States."

In the face of such disapproval, Nixon has more than once shown stoic durability. When he could not recover fumbles with an exhibition of cool, raw courage as in the Checkers speech, climaxing the 1952 expense fund affair, he has taken refuge in silence. What he has lacked in brilliance he has made up in tenacity.

Now, approaching the climactic struggle of his career, the Vice President at 47 must reckon with a set of major imponderables. He began as a have-not persuading other have-nots to equate their interests with his. He showed a talent for plain talk and abrasive hyperbole. Success provided him with a power base in the electorate and automatically with a place in the ranks of the haves, and it became a matter of course that in time his new status would be acknowledged by the true haves of the power elite. The very fact of his advancement, however, has been the means of placing him in a perilous ideological crossfire.

Between the right and left wings of the GOP there has been a basic conflict over the strategy for electing a national ticket. The Taft formula was that, to win, it was necessary only to bring out the full conservative vote, long repelled by Republican candidates of a New Dealish hue. The doctrine of the party's *avant-garde*, on the other hand, has been that only by attracting liberal votes from Democrats and independents can the GOP hope to attain a national majority.

The choice for Nixon is fundamental. Searching for a workable formula of his own, Nixon said in a speech June 20, 1949, while still in the House: "The Republican Party has gotten itself in the position of being classed as the tool of big business and vested interests. This charge is false, and we should make a resounding declaration of independence from Wall Street, from labor bosses and other vested interests."

As late as January 20, 1958, at a New York Republican rally, Nixon was still trying to find a middle way by calling a plague on both houses, still temporizing with negative generalities, still whipping the New Deal and the ADA, still letting his own philosophy be inferred rather than affirmed.

"... If we have nothing to offer," he said, "other than a pale carbon copy of the New Deal, if our only purpose is to gain and retain power, the Republican Party no longer has any reason to exist and it ought to go out of business." But his determinist philosophy persuaded him, as it had on many other occasions, to accept the party for whatever it appeared to be at the moment. He set forth no crusading policy requirements to inspire Republicans.

Nixon's instinct for political pragmatism tells him it is the masses, not the elite, who have the votes; yet he cannot win the support of the many without taking something away from the few. If he is for racial equality, then *ipso facto* he alienates those in the South and elsewhere who are not. If he blames inflation on the wage-push, labor will not vote for him; if he blames it on the price-push, industry may not finance him. If he hands farm price control back to the commodity speculator (the marketplace!), farmers burdened with devalued surpluses will not vote for him; and if he is for perennial subsidies, he cannot hold firm for fiscal integrity. As time goes on the choices grow more difficult and more rather than less numerous.

Offsetting Nixon's success at the organizational level has been the growth of the most frustrating and frightening suspicion that can plague a candidate – the whisper that he is not electable.

The Clay-Taft Legacy

Henry Clay was the first to be tormented by this phantom of defeatism. He first missed the nomination in 1816 when at 39 he was sidetracked in favor of Madison; again in 1824 he was passed over, this time because Monroe looked like a winner. The only time he won the nomination was in 1832 when Jackson was an easy victor in his bid for a second term. In 1836 Clay was elbowed aside by Van Buren, in 1840 by William Henry Harrison, and in 1844 by James Polk, all of them men of lesser stature, but electable. As if this rejection had not been crushing enough, Clay let his name be advanced in 1848 for a seventh time, but by then even his warm friends and admirers were without hope; John Crittenden wrote: "My conviction, my involuntary conviction, is that he cannot be elected."

A century later, it was the same refrain that beat Taft at four successive Republican conventions. In the age of populism, when to be shopworn is to be unprepossessing, even the suspicion that a candidate cannot win is enough to defeat him.

The Clay-Taft tradition of defeatism has dogged

NEXT WEEK: *Mr. Costello tells of Nixon prior to his entrance into politics in the 1946 campaign*

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Nixon's tracks since 1954, when his all-out effort was not enough to keep control of Congress in Republican hands; and, after 1956, references to it cropped up with increasing frequency. In publications covering a broad political spectrum, assessment of Nixon's Presidential chances in 1960 has hinged on whether he is electable. A random sampling among dozens of articles shows the character of this speculation.

October 21, 1958
(News conference question): "Some political observers feel . . . that you are in solid with state organizations . . . but that you are so controversial, at least among Democrats, that you just can't win. Would you care to assess your chances?" –Philip Potter, *Baltimore Sun*

November 15, 1958
"Mr. Stassen's main line of attack on Mr. Nixon is that he, Nixon, cannot be elected President."
–Gould Lincoln, *Washington Star*

November 27, 1958
"The [Tricky Dick] image could be fatal to his future ambitions as the image of 'The Man Who Can't Win' was for Robert A. Taft."
–Douglass Cater, *The Reporter*

November 29, 1958
"As the front-runner, with every indication of strong support within the party organization, his greatest danger is that he will be tagged – as the late Sen. Robert A. Taft was tagged – as a 'man who can't win'."
–W. H. Lawrence, *New York Times*

January 21, 1959
"Nixon himself has never concealed his opinion that 'the polls beat Bob Taft' by making it appear that 'Taft was a sure loser'."
–Joseph Alsop, *New York Herald Tribune*

February 7, 1959
" . . . the Vice President must risk antagonizing labor and industrial leaders and a formidable body of 'liberal' economists and politicians. The consequences of this conceivably could be strong stimulants to the fatal estimate already being heard in Republican circles: 'He can't be elected'."
–Arthur Krock, *New York Times*

April 27, 1959
" . . . the Vice President hopes to overcome his greatest weakness of all. This is the nagging fear, frankly voiced by some of his friends and the one big hope of Rockefeller backers, that even if nominated, Mr. Nixon couldn't win." –Albert Clark, *Wall Street Journal*

April 28, 1959
"A few [delegates] say they doubt that Nixon can win, but are for him on principle. . . . The sales line will be that Rocky can win and Nixon, however capable and experienced, can't make the grade against a Democratic trend." –Richard L. Wilson, *Look Magazine*

June 21, 1959
"This points up Nixon's biggest obstacle: the psychological block that he can't win the election, the same damaging impression that contributed to the late Sen. Robert A. Taft's defeats." –*Parade Magazine*

August 4, 1959
"The propaganda device used against Richard Nixon is the same old gambit used against Robert A. Taft, namely, that Nixon cannot be elected. This is being repeated over and over again every day: 'He can't win'." –George E. Sokolsky, *King Features Syndicate*

Defeatism on such a scale has posed an obvious challenge. How could Nixon have acquired so dubious a standing with so great a part of the electorate? Here, the record of his campaigns is pertinent.

The launching pad in his rise to power was the issue of Communist subversion. He seized on it cannily in 1946 to beat Jerry Voorhis; he used it even more effectively against Helen Douglas in 1950. Success crowned his effort a third time in 1952 with the slogan "K-1, C-3" (Korea, Communism-Corruption-Controls). It was only on his fourth try in 1954 that he barked his shins against the law of diminishing returns; plain subversion wore itself threadbare in the numbers game, and subversion embroidered with innuendoes of treason proved too much for the credulity of the voters. After that failure Nixon turned his attention to other topics. In his last two campaigns he tried moderation, but the milder his slogans the fewer his votes. He had been type-cast as a man who cried wolf, and when he became a wolf-crier in a wilderness empty of wolves, the public was bored and went back to electing Democrats.

In attempts to measure Nixon's popularity, the polls have reflected one significant ambivalence. Among *Republican* voters he has led the field since 1954, first as the 1956 favorite if Eisenhower had not been a candidate for re-election, and since 1956 as a contender for the 1960 nomination. The Gallup poll at random intervals showed these readings:

Percentage of GOP *Voters Favoring Nixon*

September 1954	35
September 1955	25
January 1956	55
February 1957	63
August 1957	48
January 1958	51
January 1959	56
August 1959	65
October 1959	?

After Nelson Rockefeller's impressive 1958 victory for the New York Governorship, the polls for a time

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showed a dramatic loss of support for Nixon, and although his ratings recovered part way in succeeding months, especially after his trip to Russia and Poland, the fluctuation was enough to suggest that his position with rank-and-file Republicans was by no means impregnable.

At the same time, Nixon has not run impressively when paired off against leading Democrats. In these hypothetical races, he made such showings as these:

	Stevenson	*Nixon*
February 1955	61	39
February 1956	59	41
February 1958	52	48
August 1958	46	54
January 1959	51	49
August 1959	51	49
	Kennedy	*Nixon*
August 1957	53	47
February 1958	56	44
December 1958	59	41
July 1959	61	39
August 1959	52	48
	Stevenson-Kennedy	*Nixon-Rockefeller*
July 1959	56	44

In Nixon's calculations, the arithmetic of 1960 is governed by two bench marks.

First, in total registrations, the Democrats hold a clear national majority, even outside the old Confederacy, and would seem likely to retain control of Congress as they have 12 times out of the last 14.

Second, it would be statistically possible, on the basis of precedent and the 1958 returns, for a strong Republican to win the Presidency in the face of a Democratic sweep. To do that, according to a *Congressional Quarterly* analysis, he would have to run from one to five percent ahead of the GOP Congressional ticket in 23 Northern states with 272 electoral votes. (The 23 states and the percentages are: Abreast of Congressional vote, Nebraska, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wyoming. One percent ahead of Congress: Arizona, Delaware, Iowa, Kansas, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania. Plus two percent: Idaho, New York, South Dakota, Vermont. Plus three percent: Minnesota. Plus four percent: Indiana, Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin. Plus five percent: Illinois.) On the other hand, a relatively weaker Democrat could win the Presidency, without a single Southern electoral vote, merely by riding the coattails of successful Democratic Congressional candidates.

In 1956 Eisenhower turned the trick handsomely for the Republicans, and the riddle facing GOP strategists is to find a candidate with his "plus values" to repeat that success. The only relevant statistics for comparative purposes are these: Nixon in 1950 ran 7 percent ahead of the California Congressional slate in his party; Eisenhower ran 3 percent ahead in 1952 and 6.8 percent ahead in 1956. Nelson Rockefeller's 1958 lead over the GOP Congressional ticket in New York was 5.8 percent.

If the electoral arithmetic does not encourage Nixon's hopes, and if he is too controversial to win as a personality, what remains is to capitalize on his experience, especially his travels abroad. This conclusion has fathered a new success formula in Republican circles. The electorate, it is argued, does not in this generation apply the same judgments to state and to national tickets. While voters may remain loyal to Democrats on local pocketbook issues, they will vote for a Republican ticket nationally if they feel greater confidence in its ability to deal with problems affecting peace and foreign affairs.

This attempt to pre-empt the peace issue is tailor-made for Nixon's use, if indeed it did not originate with him. From 1947 on, he voted consistently to support the Cold War, and as an Administration spokesman he has taken substantial risks to defend the concept of a free world coalition and the Eisenhower foreign policy and foreign aid budgets. As a result of nine trips overseas during his Vice Presidency, Nixon is armed against parochialism. He has made himself knowledgeable in world affairs, and has a ready-made platform from which to sell himself, as he sold Eisenhower in 1956, as "the man who can keep the peace."

In its treatment of the issues, the GOP as a whole does not transcend the dilemma posed by the 1960 electoral arithmetic. A major inhibiting factor so far as Nixon is concerned is that he has important alliances in the nationalistic wing of the party which has yet to acknowledge rights and duties going beyond the narrowest orthodox view of the state's role, and his career does not encourage a belief that he can preserve those alliances without alienating the internationalist wing.

Thoughtful examination makes it appear that, if Nixon has faltered, it has not been in the character of his global ideals, which have been admirable, but in trying too often to translate them in narrowly partisan terms. His horizons have broadened with the years; his intelligence is quick and perceptive; but his independent policy judgments have not shown themselves infallible, and he is most notable as a tactician and debater, not as a policy-maker or innovator. His is in many ways the American success story, not far removed from the log cabin tradition of an earlier day, but with atypical overtones. In particular, the fellowship of reconciliation in which he spent his Quaker boyhood grows more remote in spirit as it does in time.

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The Case of Ben Hecht

by John Wain

One can't help speaking of Mr. Hecht as a "case," if only because that is how he presents himself. He is one of those writers who step between the printed page and the reader, exploiting their own personalities, coaxing us to be interested in this or that because of our undoubted interest in *them*. The advent of television has put this kind of writer in a stronger position – as a "personality," that is; as an artist, I am not sure that it has not weakened him still further.

With those three sentences I leave the public Mr. Hecht; and I feel justified in doing so, because as a literary critic I am concerned with the private Mr. Hecht, the one who communicates with me in the quietness of my armchair. The exploitation of the personality is still there, but it recedes into the perspective of a literary device. If a man writing a story decides to bring himself in as a character, there is no reason why he shouldn't. If he puts a certain amount of energy into implying that he, the story-teller, is a man of the world, moves in circles unknown to his desk-bound brethren, gets around and meets people generally, that is simply one more ingredient in the flavoring of the story.

A Treasury of Ben Hecht
(Crown; $4.95)
The Sensualists
by Ben Hecht
(Messner; $3.95)

Mr. Hecht generally manages to give his stories a top-dressing of this kind, and usually it doesn't come amiss, especially when he is in his O. Henry vein, writing about the teeming and shifting world of Manhattan. O. Henry is the basis here, with flecks of Hemingway in the constant reminders that the writer is a man of action and no mere word-merchant. But neither of these two influences goes at all deep. Mr. Hecht's heart is elsewhere. His eyes, for all their shrewd Manhattan glitter, are in reality fixed far away, on a vision he had once and has never ceased to stare after.

In a word, Mr. Hecht is a romantic. Not just any kind of romantic, but a Wildean romantic, a man of the nineties. If, instead of being a mid-20th Century New Yorker, he had been *a fin de siecle* Londoner, he would have been faithfully present, week in and week out, at the Cheshire Cheese. His figure would have been a familiar one in the bars of Fleet Street, where he would have made an attentive listener to the monologues of Lionel Johnson. Possibly Mr. Hecht's would be the hands that raised Johnson's lifeless body after his last fatal fall from a stool in one of these same bars. He would have known Yeats, Beardsley and Richard le Gallienne.

That is Mr. Hecht's misfortune. Owing to an unaccountable kink in the time-corridor, he slipped 65 years and landed on the wrong side of the Atlantic into the bargain. As a man of the nineties, he has never been very comfortable in the surroundings that Fate wrongly issued him with. For all his talk of prize-fighters and night-clubs, for all his Runyonesque familiarity with the sidewalks of little old N.Y., his heart is back there with the aesthetes carrying lilies down the Strand and the *poets maudits* dying young for the sake of an adjective. Take a sample:

> "The story of Marcia's nine years of stardom is a tale that wants a longer telling than this. It was the corner of a high heart in a higher mind. To those who kept pace with her or contributed to her life she seemed as complicated as music by Stravinsky, as troublesome as a handful of fine but broken glass. She owned an acidulous mind and a schoolgirl's heart. She was ironic and disillusioned, yet ineptly romantic. She was always beautiful. Her hair shone as if a light were concealed in her coiffure. Her green eyes were never without comment – amusement, derision. Her skin was pale, her mouth wide and mobile, with restless lips. And, as in women of personality, her face seemed bolder, more strongly modelled than suited her taut, slender body. Her crisp voice was an instrument for wit rather than sighs, and her beauty, despite her reputation, was a thing of which men seldom thought lightly. There was too much character and epigram behind it. Clever people have a way of seeming always gay and this was Marcia's manner – to jest at scars, her own or others'. Her sprightliness, however, was disconcerting, not only because of the cruelty it contained but for the fact that in her very laughter lurked always the antonym of weariness. She was like one of those fragile chemicals that burn too sharply, giving off a curious and vicious light." [*Actor's Blood*]

Where have we read this kind of description before? *Dorian Gray*, answers the reader dutifully. There's no surprise. The resemblance is there, on the surface, from the minute we begin to read. Admittedly it takes Mr. Hecht till the end of the paragraph to get really into his Wildean stride and begin rolling off the cadences. "In her very laughter lurked always the antonym of weariness." And that bit about the "curious and vicious" light.

Marcia's weariness was an "antonym." It had, that is to say, an existence and an authority that were contradictory of anything she did with the other parts of her being. Like the weariness of Des Esseintes, Dorian Gray, and the figures in Beardsley's drawings. And any reader who tackles Mr. Hecht's work in bulk soon learns that this is the kind of figure he most enjoys writing about. At the center of his imagination lurks the romantic sardonic dandy, like a carp in a pool;

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and one cannot watch for long without seeing him rise.

Like his fellow aesthetes, Mr. Hecht is a good deal preoccupied with "the artist" as a human type. To the nineties it seemed that the artist was the only survivor from the wreck of their century: the decay of religious belief, and a growing sense of the futility of well-meaning social engineering, left the artist as the one significant figure but also doomed him to discontent. As Yeats asked,

> . . . What portion in the world can the artist have
> That has awakened from the common dream,
> But dissipation and despair?

During the last fifty years, this idea has come in for a good deal of stringent criticism. Both in the occasional masterpieces like *Tonio Kroeger* and in the broad day-to-day stream of literature and criticism, the notion of the absinthe-drinking *poete maudit* has been not so much attacked as quietly superseded. Mr. Hecht, however, still holds to it loyally. We get a clue to this when he tells us, in the Preface to his new collection, that the play *Winkelberg* "is one of the best of my works." *Winkelberg* is, indeed, no mean theatrical performance. It is irreproachable as regards stagecraft and dialogue, and must be an enjoyable play to act in and to watch. But the interesting thing about it from my present point of view is that it shows the extraordinarily intact survival of "aesthetic" notions of the artist and the artistic life.

Winkelberg is a poet. As such, he will sign no truce with society, which to him is so many hogs wallowing in a trough. He spends his life sitting about on benches, sleeping in dime flop-houses and railway waiting-rooms and naturally he never has the price of a drink in his pocket. Women generally love him and want to protect him, but men are harder to please, and in fact before the curtain opens Winkelberg has been clubbed to death by an irate sailor: the play is a series of retrospective scenes from his life.

Mr. Hecht has worked hard over Winkelberg. He has even made up quite a lot of verse for him to utter. It is free verse of the Greenwich Village twenties, picturesque and evidently quite content to go on being picturesque. For the thing that Winkelberg avoids from start to finish is involvement. When, during a law hearing, the attorney asks him if he is married, he replies, "I have not yet achieved that moral eminence." Neither has he achieved the moral eminence of earning a living, or indeed of doing anything about life except make up bar-room epigrams about it.

I don't want to be ponderously disapproving about Winkelberg. He is an amiable enough fellow, with his epigrams that limp somewhere in the rear of Wilde and his poems that reach out towards a faded picturesqueness. Here he is in action, making a big impression on a girl he meets at a C.P. meeting:

ELLEN (shyly): Do you believe in Communism, Mr. Winkelberg?
POET: Belief is the noisy partner of hope. (He smiles at her). Your hair is like a friendly smile.
ELLEN: I like to hear you talk.
POET: Why?
ELLEN: Because you are very kind – and you wrote me a poem. Tell it to me again.
POET:
Her eyes are bright as petals after rain,
Her lips tiptoe towards a smile
That only virgins know –
ELLEN (repeating slowly):
Her lips tiptoe towards a smile
That only virgins know –

The play ends with a speech in which Winkelberg defends himself against the hostile jury of posterity:

> "I agree with the verdict. I was a dirty drunk. I robbed myself and blamed others. I wanted to be distinguished, and I wooed fame out of a booze bottle. I fouled myself. But that wasn't all! There was something more to me. I was a poet who tried to paint the color of the wind. I was a little kite of words in an enormous sky. I was a poet who sang of streets where poverty and despair perform their microscopic somersaults. I danced with rebellious elves in empty rooms. When I was hungry, I licked the moon and dined on the dawn. And I am a poet still. I need no other dream but the one I gave myself. You in Charge – whatever your debatable name is – you have your heaven of petulant cliches. And I have mine of words. I want no more. Let me stretch out in some celestial alley with hungry cats for angels – and my poems around me."

Now, all this rhetoric is demonstrably *about* something. It represents a view of art, and of life, in which Mr. Hecht genuinely believes: indeed, it is the genuineness of his belief that gives *Winkelberg* its undeniable dabs and flashes of dramatic power. And yet, of course, it won't do. Winkelberg and his like can no more stand as types of the imaginative artist than children playing with mud-pies can stand as types of the architect. Winkelberg is serious in his devotion to art, but he is insufficiently serious about art itself. To him, it is little more than a decoration; something fragile and destructible, affording a contrast to the sombre selfishness of "practical" life. These are the faults of better men than Winkelberg; of Wilde, for example. If one compares Wilde with the really great artists who were working at about that time – with Chekhov, say – one sees that his weakness is precisely a lack of that sense of common humanity, that tough and persistent involvement with human concerns, that insatiable curiosity about people, which we look for in art that is likely to hold any durable interest for us. Winkelberg has no curiosity about people, no sense of a shared fate; he has his "bright words." In the end, it is the alley cats who will provide his true audience, because his involvement with humanity is as shallow as theirs.

★

The trouble, in short, with this disengaged "aesthetic" attitude is simply that it is not sufficiently interesting. There are too many important areas of human experience which it does not touch upon. It was justifiable for Wilde to say, coolly, that "all art is completely useless," because he came at the tail-end of a long period during which art had been insistently urged, by every kind of public spokesman, to be instructive and profitable in the crudest way. Nevertheless, as we well know, art is *not* "useless." Only Mr. Hecht's dream-people, they of the brittle epigrams and the eternally tired souls, think it is, and both art and life have

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a way of revenging themselves on such people.

This whole problem comes out very clearly in Mr. Hecht's new novel *The Sensualists.* Without giving away the plot details, the story tells of a worldly-wise publisher named Henry, much given to epigrams of the sort Mr. Hecht enjoys making up, married for eight years to Ann, a woman evidently much younger than himself, and whom he has rescued from frigidity. In the opening chapter, Ann has just discovered that Henry is carrying on with one Liza King, a night-club singer; the rest of the plot involves detectives, drug addicts, a sadistic murder, an errant husband who tries to get at Ann while Henry, by a pardonable error of the Police Department, is spending a few days in the local hoosegow, and, to top off, some incidental Lesbianism. The book is constructed with all the skill we expect from Mr. Hecht, and the ingenuity with which he has worked in so many kinds of sexual episode, while stopping short before the point of actual farce, is impressive indeed. But we have to come back, finally, to this one obstinately troubling objection. It isn't interesting enough. Henry is a sensualist, and he has taught Ann to be one; their marriage (which, by his wish, is childless) is simply an association for pleasure; there is no reason why they should stay together once the pleasure has slackened. Such marriages do exist, and there is no reason why a novelist should not write about them. But the thinness of purpose, the wearily selective nature of the feelings the characters can permit themselves, are so boring that after about half-way point the book becomes a positive effort to read. It no longer seems, in spite of the proliferation of incident, to be *about* anything.

In the closing pages, Henry, like any other peccant husband, "repents." He "confesses," not only to Liza, but to a whole string of what he calls "paraffined tarts." Reading this scene, one feels impelled to pause and ask why it is so radically unsatisfactory. The reasons, I think, are two. In the first place, one simply doesn't care whether Henry gets Ann back or not. She can get straight up out of her twin bed and walk out on him, for all it seems to matter, in a genuine human way, to anybody. Secondly, Henry's return to Ann is still on the old shallow level. It is concerned with pleasure. He repents because he has discovered, or says he has discovered, that the extra-marital pleasure was an illusion.

Ann, it seems, has kept her shape. "You're very good sexually," Henry tells Ann. "A fine lubricity and tender lewdness. Not to mention a beautiful skin and a superb shape." But why go on? The real deficiency of this book is that it doesn't, in fact, take up the challenge of its own implications. Wilde's remark that he found pleasure a more interesting study than happiness, because of its tragic possibilities, indicates the only way of extracting significant art out of this kind of theme. At the moment, Ann still has her shape and her skin and Henry can still divert her. What we need is a sequel, ten years further on, when the real problems have caught up with them. *That* might be interesting.

Lippmann - One Among Many

by Gilbert A. Harrison

Walter Lippmann isn't like the rest of us. He doesn't berate, he doesn't mock, he doesn't despair: he explains. "He is almost the only thoughtful man I know in Washington," James Reston of *The New York Times* says in this book, "who never complains that he cannot find time to think." And since every other nationally-known political columnist also lives in Washington, that says quite a lot about the profession, and about Lippmann. He has read philosophy and history (and known many of the men who have made the history), yet never used his erudition for display, only for elucidation. For almost half a century he has thought about how the One ought to relate to the Many, and that has brought him back again and again to the problems of one nation making its way among many, one President functioning in a government of several jurisdictions and rival parties, one citizen living in and against a community that both sustains and menaces his freedom.

Walter Lippmann and His Times
Edited by Marquis Childs
and James Reston
(Harcourt, Brace; $3.95)

Now, on Lippmann's 70th birthday, twelve journalist-scholars discuss what his influence has meant. Their valentine has been cut out with affection, but the contributors do him the honor of taking his ideas seriously, even to the point of entering some dissents.

Lippmann was not a late bloomer. Lincoln Steffens in his Autobiography gives an account of how they met:

> "It was the late summer when I went to Cambridge. The graduated class of Harvard was scattered. There were a few of them left around Boston, and some professors. I described the man I was after, not the job I had to offer. . . . I asked for the ablest mind that could express itself in writing. Three names were offered, only three and after a little conversation everybody agreed on one – Walter Lippmann. I found Lippmann, saw right away what his classmates saw in him. He asked me intelligent, not practical questions about my propositions and when they were answered, gave up the job he had and came home to New York to work with me on my Wall Street series of articles. . . . He 'caught on' right away. Keen, quiet, industrious, he understood the meaning of all that he learned; and he asked the men he met for more than I asked him for. He searched them; I know it because he searched me too for my ideas and theories."

Lippmann was 21. There was a brush with socialist theory and direct political action, but it was brief, Lippmann never having been, as Carl Binger says, "a radical. He is first and foremost a child of the Enlightenment, with a Gallic mind and Gallic passion for reason and clarity."

From their years on *The New York World*, Allan Nevins recalls that Lippmann "detested slipshod English," an essential for one whose business is ex-

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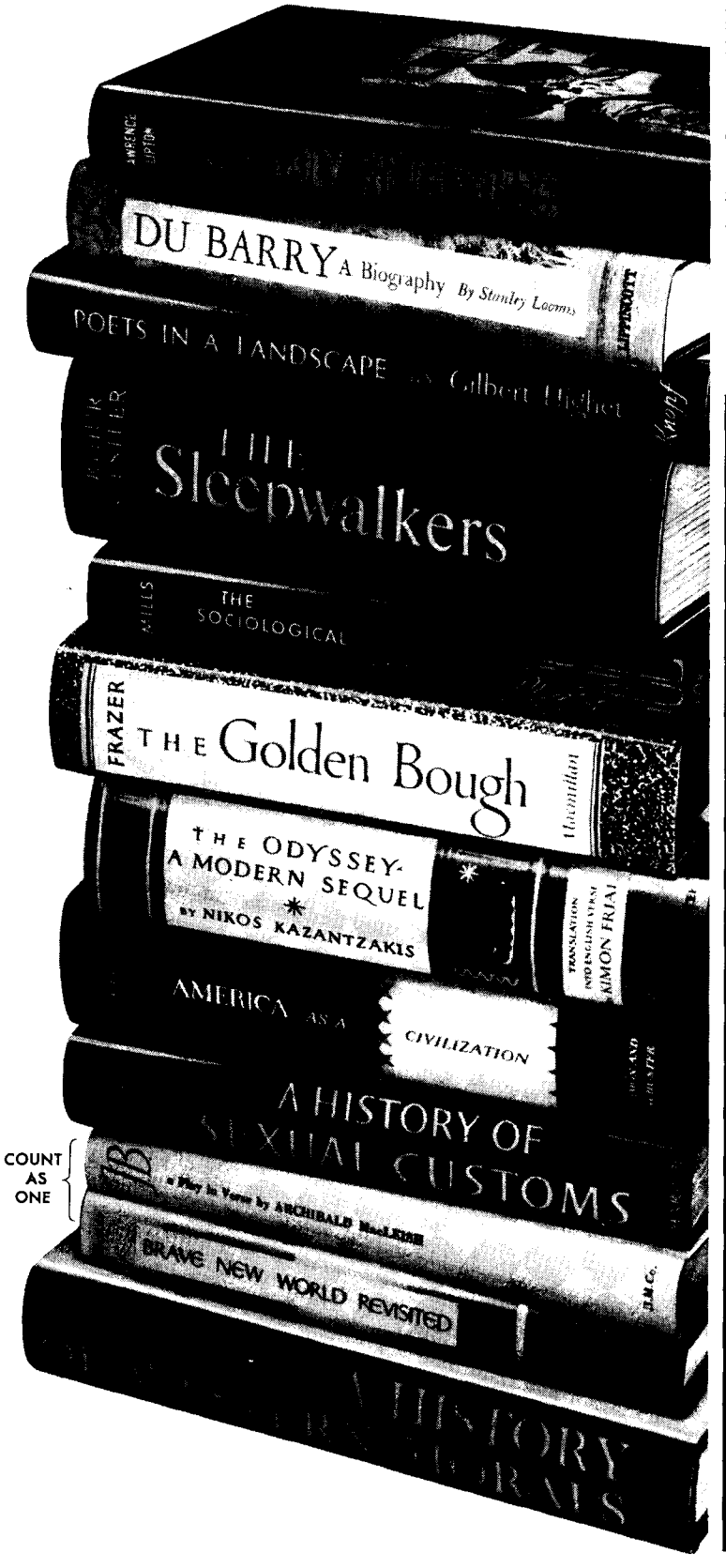
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plaining. He has always been meticulous, in the ordering of his words, his thoughts, his routine. (One of the more fascinating accounts in this collection is the description of Lippmann's day.)

Over his desk hangs a line drawing of James Thurber's man and woman, with the latter saying: "Lippmann Scares Me This Morning," and to thousands of readers his *is* the Last Word. But Lippmann is more modest. In his introduction to *Foreign Policy: Shield of the Republic*, he wrote that though he knew,

> "... and had often argued that British-American sea power was necessary to our own security and the maintenance of peace, nevertheless I was too weak-minded to take a stand against the exorbitant folly of the Washington Disarmament Conference. In fact, I followed the fashion, and in editorials for the old *New York World* celebrated the disaster as a triumph and denounced the admirals who dared to protest. Of that episode in my life I am ashamed all the more so because I had no excuse for not knowing better."

He lives in Washington and draws from it most of the "news" – if not thoughts – out of which columns are made. But he is not hunting for "scoops" or "leaks" and "the imagination balks," Harry Ashmore says, "at the thought of Lippmann currying favor with a Congressman in order to unplug a pipeline." As for being had by a handout, it is inconceivable.

There is a passage in Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s essay which had particular interest for me, but which also suggests how early this die of independence was cast:

> "In the course of 1914 [Herbert] Croly invited Lippmann to join him on the staff of the projected magazine to be called *The New Republic* [which] promised to be, along with [Theodore] Roosevelt's own *Outlook*, the chief organ of Rooseveltian Progressivism. ... The experiment in collaboration between intellectual and statesman seemed ideally conceived. And for a time everything went along swimmingly. 'Our general position at the outset delighted Roosevelt,' Lippmann later wrote, 'and we saw a good deal of him in the first few weeks.' ... But events soon confronted Croly and Lippmann with the old choice between commitment and detachment – in this case between suppressing their opinion of a powerful friend in the hope of retaining their capacity to influence him, or publishing that opinion at the risk of estranging him. When Roosevelt launched a particularly crude attack on Wilson's Mexican policy, *The New Republic* preferred editorial integrity to personal loyalty and condemned their patron. Roosevelt 'reproached us bitterly,' as Lippmann later recalled it, 'and never forgave us.' Lippmann added: 'After that we never had any close personal association with any public man'."

He has no need, however, of proving his independence by vilifying public men. The neatest Lippmann thrust draws no blood. He has his likes and dislikes, but personal abuse is not one of his weapons. "He is loathe to criticize anybody who does not have the means of counter-criticism," Reston remarks.

Since foreign policy has been Lippmann's central interest, considerable of the book – notably the essays by Raymond Aron, George Kennan, Reinhold Niebuhr, Iverson McDonald and Frank Moraes – deals with recurrent Lippmann views on the proper conduct of foreign affairs: his belief in the values of diplomacy, while insisting diplomacy must be supported by power and will sufficient to effect diplomatic aims; his rejection of moralizing as a substitute for policy; his certainty that the unity of the Atlantic Community is the foundation of our security; his confidence, likewise, that co-existence is not a Utopian hope, and that no one ought fallaciously to assume that "this is one world and that the social order to which one belongs must either perish or become the universal order of mankind."

Has Lippmann always been right? As we have seen, he doesn't think so, and I'm inclined to agree with him. The case for the election of Alf Landon as President in 1936 had its weak points, and time hasn't made them any stronger. At one point, Lippmann also may have overemphasized the desire for German reunification or under-estimated Russian willingness to turn their Germans loose. But had Lippmann written one-hundredth as much copy on current affairs, he could not have hoped to score 100 percent for prophecy. And what may be overlooked (I am pleading the case for journalism), is that what might have worked *then*, under circumstances that *then* prevailed, may not work later.

For all his philosophical writing, his search for a unifying principle which might animate and civilize our pluralistic society, he has remained a journalist, but a journalist preoccupied with the question of "what can be done." The news cannot tell us, for "if we assume that news and truth are two words for the same thing, we shall," Lippmann says, "arrive nowhere." While news can "signalize an event," the function of the truth is "to bring to light the hidden facts, to set them into relation with each other, and to make a picture of reality on which *men can act*." (Italics added.) When Harry Ashmore tells us that Lippmann offers "not engagement but massive detachment," I don't know what he means. It was in no detached spirit that Lippmann in 1924 explained why he would vote for the Democrat, John W. Davis, rather than Coolidge or La Follette: "I shall vote for Mr. Davis because he is the only man who can be elected in place of Mr. Coolidge, and I do not wish directly or indirectly to give the present Administration another term of power." Lippmann's style is lucid, but it is not always cool. Take a column of 1957 quoted by Schlesinger:

> "With prosperity acting as a narcotic, with Philistinism and McCarthyism rampant, our public life has been increasingly doped and without purpose. With the President in a kind of partial retirement, there is no standard raised to which the people can repair. Thus we drift with no one to state our purposes and to make policy, into a chronic disaster like Little Rock. We find ourselves then without a chart in very troubled waters."

Charting courses in very troubled waters is Walter Lippmann's vocation; he has been passionately engaged with immediate, urgent public affairs. Is he as good as he was? In my opinion, better.

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Some Words for a Master

by Irving Howe

About half a year ago, when a collection of Pirandello's stories appeared in English, I began to read them casually and with small expectations. Like other people, I had once looked into a few of his plays and been left cold; had accepted the stock judgment that he was clever theatrically but lacking in literary range and depth; and had disliked him because of his friendliness to Italian Fascism.

Two or three stories were enough to convince me that here, beyond doubt, was the work of a master. Not all the stories in this book are first-rate; some show the marks of haste or fatigue, others are finger-exercises in which

Short Stories by Pirandello
(Simon & Schuster; $3.95)
The Mountain & Other Plays
by Luigi Pirandello
(Crown; $2.95)

Pirandello plays with his main themes yet does not fully release them. But even in the slightest of these twenty-two stories – only one had previously been translated into English – there is that uniqueness and assurance of voice which is the first sign of a major writer. And in the best of them there is writing which can bear comparison with the masters of the short story, Chekhov and Joyce.

Now this is not an estimate for which modern criticism has prepared us. Outside of Italy, there is little Pirandello criticism; the books about him in English range from Italianate rhapsody to American academic, but none provides enough material or adequate criticism. A good but too brief essay by Eric Bentley helps one find direction in the labyrinth of Pirandello's vast production, and equally helpful are some incisive reviews by Stark Young, written in the twenties for *The New Republic* and reprinted in his *Immortal Shadows*. But for the most part, in America Pirandello is a name, not a force. He has seldom been welcomed to the pantheon of modernism, and those of us raised on modernist taste have suffered a loss.

Nor is this true in regard to Pirandello alone. Taste can be a tyrant, even the best or most advanced taste. Literary people who reached maturity two or three decades ago often felt zealous in behalf of writers like Eliot, Stevens and Joyce, for they, in Harold Rosenberg's phrase, had established the "tradition of the new" and it was this tradition which roused one's excitement and loyalties. Soon, however, the tradition of the new was being shadowed by a provincialism of the new.

The *avant garde* impulse was the most vital in the literary life of our century, but by now we might as well admit that it also exacted a price in narrowness of interest, sometimes in smugness of feeling. Because its spokesmen told us so forcibly which poets and novelists were relevant to an age of terror and war, we assumed a little too quickly that other writers could be left to molder in darkness. Now, by way of penance, middle-aged writers regularly – and if they have any humor about themselves, ruefully – announce literary "discoveries" based on reading with pleasure the writers whom they had felt free to dismiss in their youth.

So here are some notes – inexpert, rueful – on Luigi Pirandello.

Pirandello's stories are in the main tradition of 19th Century European realism. Except for those set in Sicily, which have a distinctive regional flavor, they often seem close in manner and spirit to the writings of the French realists and naturalists. Ordinary social life forms their main setting. The frustrations of the city, the sourings of domesticity, the weariness of petty-bourgeois routines, provide their characteristic subjects. Like Flaubert, though with less fanatic insistence, Pirandello cuts himself out of his picture. His prose is neither elevated nor familiar; it is a middle style, denotative, austere and transparent, the style of an observer who achieves sympathy through distance rather than demonstration.

Far more than we have come to expect in the modern short story, the impact of Pirandello's stories depends upon their action, which sometimes contains enough incident to warrant a good deal of expansion. There are rarely Joycean epiphanies of insight or Chekhovian revelations through a massing of atmosphere. The function of Pirandello's style is to serve as a glass with a minimum of refraction or distortion; and whatever we may conclude as to his purpose or bias must come not from a fussing with details of metaphor but from a weighing of the totality of the action. In this respect, Pirandello the story writer is not quite a "modern" writer.

★

He is not quite "modern" in still another way. Though Pirandello in his plays would break with the psychology and epistemology of 19th Century realism, abandoning the premises of both a fixed individual character and the knowability of human relationships, his stories were still accessible to educated people of his generation who had been brought up on rationalist assumptions. Such readers may have found them excessively bleak – one does not leave Pirandello in a mood to embrace the universe – but they had no difficulty in grasping them, as later they might with his plays.

The stories deal with human problems, but do not threaten the reader with a vision of human lot as beyond comprehension or as open to so many meanings that there follows a paralysis of relativism. Pirandello has a sharp eye for absurdities, but this is still far from the view that life is inherently absurd. One can find anticipations of existentialism in these stories, as one can find them in many writers of Pirandello's day who were oppressed by the collapse of 19th Century certainties; but precisely those writers, like Pirandello, who seem to have anticipated the existentialist posture of an affirmed insecurity are the ones, in the end, who resist its full display.

"WELL, WELL, IT TURNS OUT *that Dale Alford of Little Rock, who unseated Congressman Brooks Hays in the 1958 elections,* was *the people's choice after all. The Liberals' god-democracy has turned against their god-integration. We ask them, What do you recommend, gentlemen? Shall we, having failed to dissipate the plurality in Arkansas for segregation, do away with democracy—at least in that electoral district? La Rochefoucauld captured the dilemma of the Liberals when he sighed, 'Sad is the lot of the woman who is at once violently inflamed and inflexibly virtuous!'"*

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They stopped short, often at a depressed stoicism, a sense of life as weariness. And this, in turn, has some relation to their having been raised in a more or less Christian culture: for if they no longer had a radiant or sustaining faith, they preserved from it a feeling for duties, burdens, limits.

Fantasy, playfulness, sexual pleasure, religious emotion, any sort of imaginative abandon or transcendence – these seldom break through in Pirandello's stories, though some of them can at times be heard pulsing quietly beneath the surface. A full tragic release is rare. Much more characteristic are stories in which the final sadness arises from the realization of characters that they will have to live on, without joy or hope. In a five-page masterpiece, "The Soft Touch of Grass," a bereaved, aging man is mistakenly suspected by a girl of having lewd intentions; overcome by a sense of the hopeless entanglements of life, he returns to his lonely room and "turned his face to the wall."

In "Such Is Life," a masterpiece that would do honor to Chekhov, a hopeless marriage, long broken, is hopelessly resumed. This story, written with a repressed austerity and unrelieved by a rebellious gesture or tragic resolution, stays terribly close to life; in a sense, its power depends upon Pirandello's scrupulous decision not to allow either his emotions or imagination to interfere with what he sees. At the end, the central figure is left with "an ever-present torment . . . for all things, all earthly creatures as she saw them in the infinite anguish of her love and pity, in that constant painful awareness – assuaged only by fleeting peaceful moments which brought relief and consolation – of the futility of living like this. . . ."

★

There are humorous stories too, such as "The Examination," in which a good-tempered glutton studying for a state examination is regularly deflected from his work by friends tempting him to share their pleasures. One smiles at the end, for Pirandello manages it with suavity and tact. But it is a humor of sadness, a twist upon the idea of incongruity as the very heart of life, and it brings little gaiety or relief. Of the pleasure that can come from simply being alive Pirandello's stories have little to say, certainly nothing to compare with his one marvellously lighthearted play *Liola*, in which youthful energies bubble without restraint or theory.

Stark Young, in a review of the play *Henry IV*, has described the Pirandello theme as

> "... the dualism between Life on one hand and Form on the other; on the one hand Life pouring in a stream, unknowable, obscure and unceasing; on the other hand forms, ideas, crystallizations, in which we try to embody and express this ceaseless stream of life. Upon everything lies the burden of its form, which alone separates it from dust, but which also interferes with the unceasing flood of Life in it."

This description, partly drawn from Pirandello himself, is an excellent one, though some amendment is required in regard to the stories, for there the stream of Life is much weaker than the barrier of Form. In Young's version, the Pirandello theme is concerned with constants that apply to any moment in history, and there is plenty of evidence in both the stories and plays that Pirandello sees it this way. But I think that a sharper focus can be had upon the stories if one also regards the Life-Form theme as closely related to the stresses and tensions of late 19th and early 20th Century life in Europe.

To all of this, one group of Pirandello stories is something of an exception. Those set in Sicily are comparatively buoyant and combative, not because Pirandello, himself a Sicilian, glosses over the misery of his homeland or indulges in peasant romanticism, but simply because here the human drama plays itself out with quick violence. Men rise, men fall; but they do not know the dribbling monotonies of an overly-rationalized mode of existence, as do so many characters in Pirandello's urban stories. In "Fumes," the best of the Sicilian group, a decent hard-working farmer, to frustrate the local money-lender, agrees to sell his land to a sulphur-mining company, appalled though he is at the thought of the fumes that will now blight the whole region. The spectacle of a man being pressed beyond endurance is a familiar one in Pirandello's stories; but the farmer, while hardly a Promethean figure, does cry out at the end, "Neither he nor I!"

Behind Pirandello stands his master in fiction, the Sicilian Giovanni Verga, from whom he learned to disdain rhetoric and grandeur. Reading Verga's stories one feels they are not so much "made-up" fictions as communal fables, the record of a people born to ca-

The Roman Soldier

Wearing some kind of iron hat, armed to the teeth with
whatever weapons are latest, he has stood in some square from
occupied Troy to now: seen from outside, monolithic:

dreaming inside of Vermont, or the Abruzzi, or Yorkshire,
or his father's boats tied to the jetty, or his girl in the grass,
or he's some slab without dreams, how do we know? Still less does he

know whether he's an angel with a sword or a fiend with a fork.
Somebody stuck him where he is, mostly among enthusiasts
who would hang him by the heels and spit on his head if they could.

If you up-end the poor doll, its eyes will roll.

Statuary
these figures are stationed across the colored countries and the years,
all much alike, but there has been no intercommunication.

RICHMOND LATTIMORE

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tastrophe. Reading Pirandello's stories, one feels they have been wrought by a man increasingly estranged from a world he knows intimately. Pirandello does not achieve the virile spareness of Verga; no one does. In Verga everything is subordinated to the decisiveness of the event; in Pirandello one must always be aware of his psychological motives, even if these seldom appear on the surface of the story, and then mainly as a film of melancholy. Verga's happenings are much more terrible than Pirandello's, yet are easier to take, since in Verga men scream and howl as they suffer. Only a few decades separate the two writers, but the distance between them reflects a deep change in the spiritual temper of European life, a certain loss of zest and will.

Writers, like the rest of us, do not choose their moment of birth, and it would be absurd to relate Pirandello too closely with the depressing qualities of his stories. So quick an intelligence must have been aware of the difference in the literary possibilities open to Verga and himself, and realized that most of the advantage did not lie with him. But no serious writer chooses his subject; he can only choose whether to face it. And that Pirandello did with exemplary courage and honesty.

★

Without even presuming to discuss the main body of Pirandello's plays, let me urge readers not to rely on stale memories but to turn to them with a fresh eye. Like much modern writing, the plays can be seen as a response to the impasse of realism, an impasse that in Pirandello's case must have been especially difficult since it involved not merely problems of craft but his morale as a thinking man. (Though Pirandello's stories and plays overlap in time of composition, it is useful to see them as two distinct sides of a literary career.)

In the plays, where character is replaced by role and identity by personification, the burdens of middle-class life cease to be a subject to be portrayed and become a springboard for an imaginative leap beyond the limits of verisimilitude. Through a profoundly serious humor, these plays *play with* the very problems of misunderstanding, estrangement and the shuffling between self and personality which are treated in the stories directly. In theme, there is a close link between stories and plays; but in treatment, in everything that gives a work of art its distinctiveness, the differences are vast.

While reading through the plays I have been curious to see what possible basis might be found in them for Pirandello's attachment to Fascism; but so far as I can make out, there is no close or direct relationship. Not only are the plays essentially non-political, but the very style of thought they reveal is at odds with the anti-intellectualism and nationalist demagogy of the Fascists. In much of Pirandello's work there is a devotion to cerebral intensities, an anxious concern with reflection as a value in life, and this is in no way lessened by his having to conclude that, as he sees it, human thought is rutted in subjectivity. Whatever the practical or personal reasons for his support of the Mussolini regime, his major plays are the work of a *European* writer, a "good European."

"Under Fascism," writes Eric Bentley, "Pirandello's playwriting entered a third and more problematic phase. . . . Pirandello withdraws into a strange, subjective world of his own . . . or, as he would probably prefer to say, tries to create myths." A recent volume offers three of these later plays and if nothing else, they show how mistaken is the usual charge that Pirandello kept mechanically repeating himself. At the end of his career he was still an unsettled writer, now abandoning philosophical comedy as earlier he had become unwilling to remain content with narrative realism.

The play entitled *The Mountain Giants*, a mythic treatment of the relation between art and the state, is too complex and elusive to be discussed here; but the other two – clever, thoughtful, bold – deserve a few words of description, if only in the hope that some theater groups may be stimulated to look into them.

The New Colony is a political drama in which the usual skepticism of Pirandello is not replaced but complicated by a vision of a secular transcendence. In a South Italian seaport, a gang of toughs and smugglers abandons its accustomed life in order to

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start a utopian community on a nearby island. At their head stands La Spera (hope), a prostitute.

They start entirely without a political or religious ideology, only with a suddenly-inflamed desire for a life of decency. They start well, working hard and gaining pride in their work. But then come temptations and corruptions they cannot resist: disputes over power, quarrels over La Spera, and worst of all, an invasion from the mainland bringing with it all the tokens of the old society: money, women, intrigue. The community collapses, and in an apocalyptic finale, as the island sinks into the sea and La Spera cries out, "Ah, my God, here I am, alone with you, my son, upon the waters!"

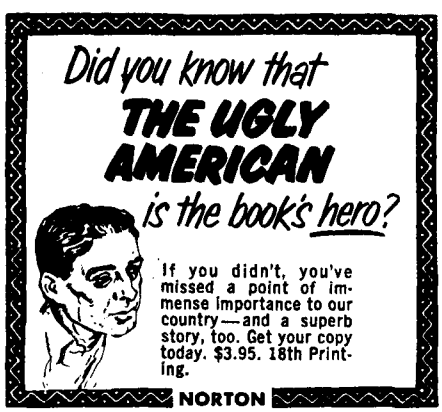
Pirandello is not entirely at his ease with such matters and about two-thirds of the way *The New Colony* founders in uncertainty. But while one conclusion of the play is obviously skeptical, it is crossed by Pirandello's sympathy with the colonists. In some detached and troubled way, he shares their desire for a new beginning, and his critique of the utopian impulse is based on sympathy, not scorn.

When Someone Is Somebody begins as an amusing spoof of Pirandello's own fame, but soon turns into something deeper. A great Italian writer, so thoroughly a national institution that he is not even named but merely designated as XXX, grows weary of his family, his honors, his work, his very voice. XXX invents a new writer, Delago, in whose name he secretly publishes some passionate and youthful lyrics which make him, Delago, the hero of all those who have been wearied by the stiff "classicism" of XXX. To show that he is not up to a mere hoax but is trying, through Delago, to create a new self, XXX now proposes to publish a book in which he will obviously imitate Delago. "It's incredible to you," he tells his friends once his plan has failed, "that I should still feel alive and break out of this prison of myself, where I am closed in, walled in!" And when a government official asks him whether Delago was created to "crowd you out of the limelight?" XXX answers, "Yes, because *he* was *alive*."

Forced to choose between the vital young friends who have helped him create Delago and the world of his public life, XXX sinks back into his aging formal role. The pressures are too great, not least of all the pressures from his decaying body, and in an astonishing final scene we watch XXX turning into his statue, a cold stone. Shortly before this happens, he explains to his young friends the causes of his loss of nerve –

> "You don't know what an atrocious thing happens to an old man, to see himself all of a sudden in a mirror, when the sorrow of seeing himself is greater than the astonishment of no longer remembering. You don't know the almost obscene shame of feeling a young and hot-blooded heart within an old body.... You can still change from one moment to the next, and I can never do that again."

In the shifting world of appearances created by Pirandello's plays, these words come like a thud of the absolute, the one certainty among the uncertainties he has shuffled and reshuffled. Ending, as it began, on a note of human weariness, his career comes full circle.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The Would-Be Jews

by Robert Graves

On a visit to Saafed in Galilee seven years ago, Elena Cassin was asked: "Do you know that there's an Italian *moshav* near here? They are converted Catholics." Next morning she went to investigate the settlement of *gerim* just beyond Hahar ha'don: a typical village of rectangular houses set in rows. But she found only women at home, because these *gerim* strictly obeyed the Mosaic Law: 1952 being a sabbatical year, they could not till their fields or gardens and were therefore away working as navvies. A group of Tripolitanian Jews who shared the settlement with them, felt no such sabbatical scruples, and went on raising crops. An Italian woman told Mrs. Cassin the story of her co-religionists: how, in 1931, the ninth year of the Fascist era, a few semi-literate peasants from Apulian San Nicandro (pop. 17,000), had embraced Judaism, been grudgingly accepted by the Roman Rabbinate and, after the Second World War, had emigrated *en masse* to Israel. Their conversation was a spontaneous one, uninfluenced by any proselytizing on the part of Jews, a people whom at first they innocently thought to be extinct.

San Nicandro:
The Story of a Religious Phenomenon
by Elena Cassin
(Cohen & West; 21 shillings)

Mrs. Cassin has made a close historical study of San Nicandro and its environs, in the light of which this odd event makes sense. The peasants were for centuries exploited by absentee landlords; and despite the richness of the soil eventually obliged to choose between abject serfdom, brigandage and emigration. The Catholic Church in Apulia, though keeping a stranglehold on all social activities, retained little force as a personal religion. Towards the end of the 19th Century, however, soul-seeking evangelical sects such as Pentecostals, Adventists and Baptists, began to give the miserable peasant what he needed: a sense that he could be saved for glory by his own efforts. These sects were mostly Italo-American, the result of mass emigration to the United States, where a million Catholics went over to Protestantism between 1876 and 1918.

The founder of San Nicandro Judaism, a crippled World War I veteran named Donato Manduzio, having been lent a vernacular Bible, opened it at the first chapter and immediately saw the light. Donato, who had never gone to school, but enjoyed local repute as a faith-healer and mystic, concluded that the Old Testament was more reliable

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than the New, that Catholic priests preached and practiced deceit, that Protestant missionaries were wandering in darkness. For him, God was the creative, governing, just God who spoke to Moses from the Burning Bush.

In an access of religious feeling he burned his household images of Christ, the Virgin and the Archangel Michael; proclaimed himself a Jew, took the name of Levi, and ever afterwards kept the primitive Mosaic Law. He dismissed all post-Mosaic religious views as impure additions to this primitive Holy Writ; though Mrs. Cassin penetratingly observes that if he had traced the origins of Judaism to Egypt or Babylonia, he would have professed himself an Egyptian or a Babylonian. He ruled his small flock, most of whom had already been influenced by the Protestants, with unbending absolutism, and imposed his prophetic dream visions on them as God-given. There were of course dissidents, whom he either forgave as Moses forgave Aaron and Miriam after chastening them, or rejected with execration, as Moses rejected Korah, Dathan and Abiram. Donato's "Sabbatini" (Sabbath-keepers), lived under continuous threat of imprisonment, and for some years the Roman Rabbinate would not take them seriously; but at last a *mohel* was sent to perform the rite of circumcision.

In 1944, Palestinian troops attached to the British Eighth Army occupied San Nicandro. It was from their talk that the possibility of a "return home" to Israel of the Sabbatini dawned on Donato. However, he tried to limit their friendship with these Palestinians because he considered the Talmud mischievous literature, and the Jewish Army chaplain a renegade. He came to despise men who had been born Jews as spiritually of less account in God's eyes than those who had freely elected, at great personal risk, to serve Him. Nevertheless, the Land of Canaan beckoned; and though Donato died, like Moses on Pisgah, before he could conduct his people across the water, they went off with high hopes, pure hearts and sackfuls of Apulian seed; only a few remained in Gargano for reasons of ill-health or marriage to unconverted husbands.

The book ends:

> "Manduzio and his sect are an unusual but not intrinsically improbable variation of . . . the more conventional types which Southern Italy has generally provided: yesterday, holy hermits, brigands, leaders of jacqueries and leaguers; today, trade unions and political parties, Christian schisms and revivals, miracle workers and bearers of stigmata.
>
> It is thus that a society stranded by circumstances on the margin of history, anachronistic and in some ways 'underdeveloped,' displays its vitality at a time when the industrialized world offers merely ready-made solutions. Donato Manduzio wrote that the San Nicandro conversions were like 'the 'miracle of the Creation.' He was in one sense right: he himself was the miracle – his prophetic temperament, his tenacity, his natural authority. Thanks to him the Sabbatini of San Nicandro have rejoined the people of Israel. The heaven he opened to his followers has never been closed."

The real San Nicandro story ends differently. This book was first published in French two years ago, and now appears in English translation; yet when I visited Israel last January, the San Nicandrians were back again in Apulia. Though willing to labor in God's service, they had resisted assimilation by the new State of Israel. Their neighbors were all either too careless of the Law, or too rooted in Talmudic tradition to please them – and under Rabbinical law they could not, of course, be accepted as Jews, even if most of them had joined Haganah and fought for Israel's independence, but only as *gerim*. Nor was Donato at hand to discipline, console, and announce fresh visions.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain, often grouped with the British "Angry Young Men," is the author of *A Travelling Woman* and *The Contenders*. He has just returned to England after a lengthy tour of the US. Robert Graves has recently completed a translation of *The Iliad*. With this issue, Robert Brustein becomes the drama critic of *The New Republic*. Mr. Brustein, who is a member of Columbia University's drama department, has written extensively on theater for American and British periodicals.

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ART

MOSCOW: *The Czarist Legacy*

We think of the Soviet Union as a garrison state, but the term suggests simple tyranny only to those who have never lived in a garrison. I understand the American army has changed enormously since my own service in World War II, but in those days "garrison" meant the habitual hamstringing of action by meticulous conformity to a set of regulations drawn up without regard to the needs of action, and a corresponding lack of interest in the job to be done on the part of those engaged in it. That, of course, was the old American army, but as in so many things, the Soviet wave of the future often looks like a salute to the past.

This is nowhere truer than in art. The museums of Moscow and Leningrad contain some of the world's greatest treasures of art, but there is a sense of the past, of movement arrested, of a fly preserved in amber quite different from and more intense than the sense of the past that is inescapably part of any first class art museum.

The stress in the great museums is on preservation and restoration. These are important functions in any museum, but in America both exhibition and acquisition are more important. The Hermitage, in Leningrad, preserves – intact – the great collections of European art assembled by the czars and especially by Catherine, who bought up the collections of bankrupt European princes at a discount. The great halls, intricately inlaid floors and crystal chandeliers are preserved, along with monumental urns in jadite, malachite, jasper and lapis lazuli, and ornamental tables of inlaid marbles. Room after room of Rubens and Rembrandt exhaust and exalt the visitor but the final impression is Catherine. Acquisitions since the revolution are few and the great ones are more archeological than art, the Greek gold work, unearthed in vast quantities in the Crimea, and the stone age artifacts found in Siberia.

The restoration and preservation of czardom are completed if you leave the Winter Palace and drive out to the Summer Palace on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. This spread of landscape gardening, miniature chateaux, water works and heroic-sized gilded statuary was destroyed in the seige of Leningrad. It has been restored to its pristine grandiosity with jets shooting high in the air and the gold painted figures arranged in parade on the terraces. The place is a Rest and Culture Park where holiday makers climb up and down and admire the ingenious conceits in water. The name "Hermitage" suggests the aristocracy playing at the simple life. The Soviet letter-perfect preservation of all the follies of the royal shepherdesses suggests the proletariat playing at the imperial life. The attitude is neither "See the foolishness of the wicked old czars," nor, "Here are the masterpieces of art for your edification," but rather, "All this grandeur was the czar's, now it belongs to us all." There is the feeling that the last word in culture was spoken by the former proprietors; the present management has chiefly to preserve what has been inherited.

In the Moscow museum of Western art, the Pushkin, the effect is sharper due to the presence of so much Impressionist and Post-Impressionist painting, along with unparalleled examples of Picasso, Matisse and Braque in the early years of the century. Here the sense of an abrupt halt is unavoidable because the men involved continued to work and to grow for another half-century. The old-fashioned air at the Pushkin finds one expression in a hall of full-scale plaster reproductions of Italian Renaissance sculpture.

The Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow is the city's museum of Russian art and a more unsettling combination of the unique and beautiful with the banal

The Choir and Music of Solitude and Silence

Silence is a great blue bell
Swinging and ringing, tinkling and singing,
In measure's pleasure, and in the supple symmetry
of the soaring of the immense intense wings glinting against
All the blue radiance above us and within us, hidden
Save for the stars sparking, distant and unheard in their singing.
And this is the first meaning of the famous saying,
The stars sang. They are the white birds of silence
And the meaning of the difficult famous saying that the sons and
daughters of morning sang,
Meant and means that they were and they are the children of
God and morning,
Delighting in the lights of becoming and the houses of being,
Taking pleasure in measure and excess, in listening as in seeing.

Love is the most difficult and dangerous form of courage.
Courage is the most desperate, admirable and noble kind of love.

So that when the great blue bell of silence is stilled and stopped,
or broken
By the babel and chaos of desire unrequited, irritated and frustrated,
When the heart has opened and when the heart has spoken
Not of the purity and symmetry of gratification, but action of insatiable
distraction's dissatisfaction,
Then the heart says, in all its blindness and faltering emptiness:
There is no God. Because I am hope. And hope must be fed.
And then the great blue bell of silence is deafened, dumbed, and has
become the tomb of the living dead.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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and incompetent is hard to think of. The Tretyakov is known by name to everyone in the West who has ever studied the icon. Here is the great Rublev "Trinity" and a dozen others recognized instantly from many reproductions. But when you leave the icon galleries you have just about finished with art in the Tretyakov. The rest of the large museum is devoted entirely to Russian painting of the 19th Century and Soviet painting of the 20th. There isn't much difference, the most notable being an occasional 19th-Century awareness of something going on in Europe called Impressionism. Most of the 19th-Century work is romantic realism and so is all of Soviet painting. Change the uniforms and the two bodies of work are indistinguishable. Again, the standard was established by the imperial past and is adhered to faithfully in the Soviet present.

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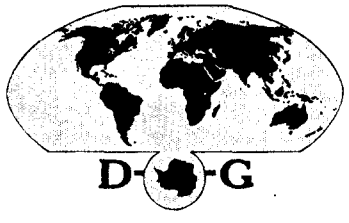

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The past preserved reaches its peak elsewhere. I was at first startled when the deputy director of the Hermitage told me that Leningrad, the second city, has more than 30 museums of art; presently I found out that most of them are churches. In the churches of Moscow is preserved the real art of the icon, which, for all the splendor of individual examples in the Tretyakov, communicates itself fully only in the total setting. As practiced in Byzantine Christianity, the icon was a completely present liturgical art, impressing the images of liturgy upon the vision of the congregation as the mysteries were celebrated behind a screen covered with icons.

In the Cathedrals of the Annunciation and the Archangel in the Kremlin, magnificence and mystery are all but overpowering. The pictures reach from floor to ceiling and cover even the pillars. From the domes the face of Christ the Judge stares down at the beholder. Ancient Eastern saints – Boris and Gelb – rise in ranks along with the rigidly patterned figures of metropolitans and patriarchs and fathers of the church. You are in the company of the blessed, and it's an awesome experience. In the Moscow Church of the Old Believers, where I attended Mass along with a lot of old women and infants in arms, the effect is less overpowering, but the total art is still there, a parochial thing removed from the holy presence of the czar. As numerous as the worshippers and priests were the restorers and clean up crew. Like tips, a visitor's offering is met with incomprehension.

★

Except for the downtown theater and special institutions, the normal location for the performing arts and entertainment is the Park of Rest and Culture. Such is Sokolniki Park, which will be permanently graced by the geodesic dome and the glass accordion-shaped building of the American Exhibition. The biggest is Gorki Park, which contains a ferris wheel comparable to the one in the Prater, and a program of concerts and dance performances. The liveliest is the Hermitage Park – no relation to the museum. It has an open air concert hall, a movie theater, a dance hall, a stage show and – one of the aesthetic delights of the USSR – the Moscow Puppets.

The work of the Puppet Theater has no parallel in America. It is addressed to adults and the skill of carving and costuming and manipulation at once achieves the happy suspension of disbelief that is particularly necessary to this rare art form. The Russian word for puppet, by the way, is Kukla. The program I attended was a series of burlesques of entertainers, from tango dancers to lion tamers, from soloists to gipsy ensembles. The language problem was non-existent; the show may conceivably have been better for one who didn't understand the language, since the real point was conveyed in mannerisms and reactions that are the same in all languages. The Puppet show contained one of the two public references to American subjects I ran into in Moscow entertainment. Not scheduled but an enormous hit at the puppet show was a moral lecture by Billy Graham, complete with sport clothes, wavy hair and the way of a man with a chair. He spoke on young people's conduct in parks and how much better this is in the USSR than in London.

★

The other American reference was at the Moscow Circus, in a clown act on action painting. The circus itself is a joy to behold. It's small enough to watch and the sheer precision of the old-fashioned feats of balance and dexterity is thrilling. When the circus tries to move into town, it fails. The second half is derived from Billy Rose's old Flushing Aquacade. The filling of the ring with water is pleasant to watch, but then the acts begin – clowns falling in, a lady with swimming tigers and endless numbers of phosphorescent girls swimming in the dark. It's all very pretty, very soggy, very dull. In Leningrad I caught a performance of a new Soviet discovery, the Ice Show, and had the same depression. Despite the tradition of Russian ballet and despite the universality of skating in Leningrad, the show didn't work. Timing was off throughout and spectacle was clumsily managed.

Soviet ventures in art are at their best when they preserve what was good in the old order—the ballet, the circus, the puppets. The dullness of the revolutionary spirit itself in art seems paradoxical until you remember the last revolution that dabbled in art. It produced neo-classicism and David, and David produced the French Academy of the 19th Century. FRANK GETLEIN

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THEATER

Junkies and Jazz

The Connection
by Jack Gelber
(Living Theatre)

When you enter the off-Broadway theater where *The Connection* is playing in repertory, you have a few moments before the action begins to formulate your expectations. The curtain is drawn, and on the stage some excessively seedy characters are arranged in various attitudes of weariness and gloom. The setting is a tawdry tenement, the furniture is delapidated, the quarters cramped and dirty. Painted on the wall upstage is a crudely executed pyramid, a revivalist motto, and a huge disembodied eye; hanging from the flies is a single green lightbulb. The play, you have been informed, is about drug addiction. The subject is unpromising, and Lower Depths naturalism, it appears, is to be the inevitable treatment. Yet, something is not in place here – the imaginary fourth wall has not been constructed. The actors are aware of the audience, and even somewhat distressed at the presence. It is making them nervous, disturbing their peace.

Soon, two actors, claiming to be the writer and the producer of the play, run down the aisle, and begin to speak to the spectators. Your expectations shift. Inductions, direct audience address, entrances through the house, these are the familiar, generally gratuitous techniques of experimental theater (you may have seen them clumsily employed by the same company, just the evening before, in a pretentious and tiresome trifle by William Carlos Williams). Echoes of Brecht, Beckett, Pirandello, and O'Neill begin to resound, and your new expectations harden. The play is arty and derivative; the characters are dull; the dialogue is flat; the directorial pace is flagging; the acting is dreary. Nothing, in fact, is *happening*, and you wait for boredom to release you from the need to care.

It takes about ten minutes to realize that you are witnessing an extraordinary performance in which everything, including your initial response, has been planned with absolute precision. The acting and direction are so unified and true that it would be some kind of violation to single out individuals for praise; and Jack Gelber's play, despite obvious literary derivations, soon emerges as highly original and unpredictable. Free from stylized Studio "reality," pumped-up Kazan theatrics, and Broadway contrivance, *The Connection* even avoids that over-intellectualization of human behavior which informs the work of Beckett, Ionesco, and Genet. Gelber has managed to assimilate, and sometimes to parody, his borrowed techniques without a trace of literary self-consciousness; and by the use of live jazz (superbly played) as a rhythmic contrast to the cool junkie daze of the dialogue, he has introduced an effective theatrical device all his own. The most striking thing about this work is its Spartan honesty; the only false note of the evening is struck by your own conventional expectation, conditioned by years of phony drama and sociological indoctrination.

The play is structured like a work by Pirandello. A group of addicts, waiting throughout the first act for the arrival of their connection, are assumed to be "real" characters, improvising their parts in exchange for a free fix. The "playwright," the "producer," and a couple of cameramen (photographing them in action for an *avant garde* movie) hope they will reveal themselves in melodramatic or sensational attitudes; but the junkies, although provided with strong, distinct characters, nervously follow the truth of their own lives, exposing themselves only piecemeal, through pointless stories and unfinished confessions. When Cowboy, their connection, finally arrives, accompanied by a bewildered Salvation sister, the junkies file into the bathroom one by one for their fix; a series of loaded ironies follow; the "playwright" is "turned on" himself and gets a real look at his subject; a fastidious hipster named Leach takes an overdose and almost dies; the action and the music turn phantasmagoric; the junkies scatter; and the play ends with two characters swaying over a phonograph, listening to the lonely, almost religious ritual of jazz.

Because the characters refuse to participate in false climaxes for the sake of dramatic excitement, the play goes nowhere, and – except for the conclusion that addicts find salvation in junk and jazz – it makes no strong point. But implicit in every moment is the understanding that human existence can no more be explained by social, psychological, moral or aesthetic theories than human life can be confined within the limits of a dramatic action. Thus, although Gelber borrows some of Pirandello's techniques, he is never guilty of Pirandello's operatic plot construction, for melodrama would merely be another distortion of reality. The characters of *The Connection* maintain their integrity in an atmosphere of frightening authenticity; and the naturalism of this anti-play functions as a sardonic comment on anything which would falsify for impure ends the truth of things as they are.

Quite clearly, then, the most severe in-

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dictment of the evening is reserved for the audience, and, by extension, for society at large. The spectator may think he attends the theater for a few hours of harmless diversion, but if the dramatic characters are "real," then his presence is a breach of their privacy, motivated by a voyeuristic interest in freak shows. Similarly, the spectator may hold pat social attitudes towards narcotics which he expects the play to confirm, but he soon finds his own habits under scrutiny, for in tranquilizers vitamin pills, alcohol, and success he seeks "connections" too. By providing his down-beat characters with more dignity and self awareness than the characters of most American drama, Gelber has managed to transcend the limitations of his subject, not only accurately stigmatizing bad drama like *A Hatful of Rain*, but opening out into a scathingly precise criticism of the spectator's most cherished pieties.

Constantly tripping over the boundary between life and art, stripped of all significant form, antagonistic to any theory or morality which does not accord with practice, *The Connection* is probably not a "good" play by any standard we now possess to judge such things; but it forms the basis for a brilliant theatrical occasion, and it lives in that pure, bright, thin air of reality which few of our "good" playwrights have ever dared to breathe. The first hipster drama to be seen in New York, it seems to me the only honest and balanced work ever created by a Beat Generation writer, and it offers promise that some dramatist may soon be able to transform the language of hip into a pulsing stage rhetoric similar to Odets' language of the blues. It is not the healthiest sign for our culture that the only recent American play of truth and imagination has come from the precincts of the Beat. But when our commercial dramas genuflect before the cant, hypocrisy, and prosperity of our society, we must take our truth from wherever it comes. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

MOVIES

Look Back at Osborne

An American arriving in London in 1956 found that a "dramatic renaissance" was going on, as evidenced by a flurry of critical articles and countless decibels of chat. But when it came down to cases, the renaissance amounted to one play: *Look Back in Anger*.

I went to it at once and, as it happened, sat behind a visiting Broadway producer. His bored comment after the second act: "I knew that other broad would go for him." I could not reduce the play quite so blithely to its theatrical obviousnesses, but neither was it possible for an American familiar with Odets, Kingsley, Miller, and others to view Osborne as the new messiah. Experienced English playgoers knew these authors, too, of course, but had not lived through the events or inhabited the climate that had produced them.

Look Back in Anger
(Warner Brothers)

Like so much that is written by the Angries (and this play is virtually their Pentateuch), it seems to Americans an example of time-lag. In a country without a true aristocracy, the upsurge of the working and middle classes took place earlier because, basically, the only barrier between them and the upper classes was money. It takes longer – one war more – if the barrier is insipissated with crusty centuries of inherited social status, tradition, and servility.

We must not infer from this that Osborne and his fellows (though many of them are Socialists) are proles, anxious to overthrow the Establishment in order to rule. Osborne's hero, Jimmy Porter, would be as bored by that prospect as by his present condition – just as J. B. Priestley, the old Labourite, is bored now by the tedium produced by the realization of some of his youthful hopes. The Angries are not in revolt against poverty or exploitation as such; they are, in an age of dying gods and

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living bombs, in revolt against hopelessness. They are starved for causes, and, equally with indigenous dogmas, the majority of them reject one of the most vital causes on earth, the Communist dogma.

But it is the way they see their dilemma, the ensealed quality of their hopelessness, that produces the basic defects of much of their art. Beneath its slashing, vicious dialogue and its swift sexual excitements, *Look Back* is in effect one long whine: a complaint by Jimmy because he is stuck in the mid-20th Century and no one is doing anything to provide him with a credo, to make ambition tenable. Thus, although *Look Back* reminds us of earlier American plays, it has neither their propagandistic nor their implied meliorist force.

Still a play doesn't evoke widespread serious response unless it touches contemporary nerves. At a discussion in the theater after the performance I saw, numerous young English men and women stood up and said that the play spoke for them. Recently, a young English author, who has just spent a year here, told me that he dreaded returning home to the provincial university where he teaches, and most of his reasons were virtually word for word from Osborne. Now an American Osborne could say practically the same things about an American provincial town, but our response to *Look Back* was less intense for the reasons outlined above and because our young people think (or pose as if thinking) they have reached Stage Two, have gone past protest to withdrawal. Nevertheless the play found an audience here and evoked reaction. Certainly there is something in it hot and recognizable.

★

My own view is that *Look Back* is a partial statement of existentialism, put in broad, biting, somewhat sophomoric terms. It is a recognition of the lonely condition of contemporary Western man – minus the additional recognition that this condition is a grave opportunity, not a final defeat. This is not to say that Jimmy and Alison ought to walk out at the end chins high and hearts singing; but it is most definitely to say that their negativism has a positive base if one searches it out. To be stripped of the earthly and cosmic certainties of the past is to be lonely indeed, but it is also to be free of illusions. More mature writers than Osborne have seen with him that the released prisoner may, quite understandably, long for the haven of the cell of his fathers, but they have also seen that he has given up snug imprisonment for demanding opportunity. If there is no longer a comfy old world, there is room to make another. If there is no God, there is still man.

As for the future, which concerns Jimmy at least as much as (in his view) the contemporary tattiness of Merrie England, Osborne is equally quick to settle for shrill, literate cries, rather than to face facts and possibilities. If you believe in the inevitable atomic annihilation of the world, suicide is cheerier and also manlier than sitting around waiting for it, complaining the while. (How disappointing it is going to be for the Jimmy Porters if there is no H-bomb holocaust by the end of their lives and they find that they have moped about for nothing!) Indeed, Camus says that the fundamental philosophic problem is suicide; once you have decided against it, there is nothing left but to live. Only a fool would take it for granted that, simply because the results would be so destructive, there will never be an atomic war; but nobody – I repeat, *nobody* – including Jimmy Porter, really believes that destruction is sooner or later inevitable. Just look out your window. Or ask yourself whether you would have spent today as you did if you *really* believed it.

But, it can be argued, Jimmy thinks that life would still be a sham even if *e* had never equalled *mc* squared. He takes a walk in this film through a park whose benches are lined with mumbling misshapen old wrecks and uses them as a proof that life is a futile mockery. Aside from the fact that the selection of those old faces is stacking of the cards, one wants to reply that life has always been a futile mockery, and yet great things have been done. One wants to shout back at him: "Why should *you* have guarantees of security, happiness, and health for a hundred years? Mozart scrabbled for a living and died at 35."

Its incomplete view of both the social and philosophical position of its time is reflected in the play's construction and motivation. Why is Jimmy sentenced to run a sweet-stall? Why could not (for instance) a good trumpeter like him, who loves jazz, play it professionally? Why is the visiting actress compelled to stay with him and his wife? Why does the wife come back apologetically at the end as if she were the wrongdoer? These questions have an added significance in a play like this. With ordinary fare, they would be only technical flaws; with Osborne they signify a snipping and forcing of truth to fit a prearranged thesis. The falsities of much of this play *qua* play are artistic flaws in the very deepest sense. They are not merely technical errors, they are a kind of philosophical perjury.

One is finally persuaded that Osborne is looking back in somewhat puny resentment – not in any kind of full-bodied anger. We say at last, What's so special about Jimmy Porter? Who *wouldn't* like life to be perfect? But most of us have learned that kicking our wives (or husbands) and flouting conventional "decencies" are the most transitory of satisfactions and the least useful of postponements against the real angers, the inescapable true horrors that men must face, have al-

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ways faced, and sometimes can survive. This play, considered together with *The Entertainer* and *Epitaph for George Dillon*, convinces me that Osborne is, as of now, a generally brilliant, theatrically imaginative undergraduate – in grave danger of becoming a case-hardened distorter.

As to the picture itself, Tony Richardson, who staged the play and makes his film debut here, reveals that he is a quick learner, especially from Orson Welles. The picture moves swiftly, arrestingly, and has many striking graphic effects a la Welles (example: dissolving from the flowers falling on the grave to the falling of the curtain). Richard Burton, though too old for Jimmy, plays him excellently, lending, as any actor of this part must do, all the varied color he can command to a relatively monochrome role. As Helene, Claire Bloom reaffirms that she is one of the two or three young screen actresses whose domain is sheer, flooding emotion; when well directed, as here, she is extremely moving. Mary Ure, repeating her stage role as the wife, is good but perhaps a bit too appropriately milky. Gary Raymond is winning as the pal. The distinguished English director Glen Byam Shaw makes one of his rare acting appearances as the colonel.

Nigel Kneale's screenplay distills the play's strengths and (unintentionally) its weaknesses fairly well. The new episode of the Hindu peddler in the market seems a rather strained effort to enrage us, but we must be grateful to Kneale for writing in the part of Ma Tanner who is only mentioned in the original play. He has provided an opportunity for Edith Evans of which she makes the most. Anyone who is interested in acting – as distinguished from self-expression, self-flagellation, "behaving," or trick accents and make-up – ought to see *The Nun's Story* and this film. Dame Edith, as the ethereal Mother Superior in the first and the earthy old Cockney in the second, tells us quietly but magnificently what art is.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

From the Vocal Repertory

Stravinsky's *Threni* – first performed at the 1958 Venice Festival, heard in New York last season, and now issued by Columbia on ML-5383 – is a setting of the First, Third and Fifth Elegies of the Jeremiad, in which Stravinsky uses the sounds of instruments, a chorus and six solo singers to make a series of musical objects. I can hear that the putting together of the sounds is done with fastidious precision and mastery; but only in very few instances – the music for the word *Perii* in the line *"Inundaverunt aquae,"* the words *No timeas* in the line *"Appropinquasti in die,"* the entire concluding statement *"Converte nos"* – is the resulting object, for me, a moving expressive communication; and in very few others is it attractive or interesting merely for the way it is made and sounds as an object. Stravinsky himself conducts a good orchestra, the Schola Cantorum and a good solo group comprising Bethany Beardslee, soprano, Beatrice Krebs, contralto, William Lewis and James Wainner, tenors, Mac Morgan, baritone, and Robert Oliver, bass.

On Columbia ML-5373 the Agrupacion Coral de Pamplona de Espana under Luis Morondo's direction does some beautiful singing in charming secular pieces of what is described as music of the Court of the Catholic Kings of Spain. The record also offers five works by composers of the Spanish polyphonic school: Victoria's Responsorium V, Cabezon's Fantasia (Improvisation XVIII), Morales' *Sanctus*, and two lighter pieces – Lassus' *Echo* and Senfl's *Bells*. I find that the first two don't hold interest, possibly because they are stretched out by performances in which the group seems to linger over each beautiful sound it produces. Morales' *Sanctus*, however, is very impressive.

In *Linda di Chamounix* – one of Donizetti's less familiar operas, last heard at the Metropolitan twenty-five years ago, and now issued by Columbia on

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M3L-403 – one is struck repeatedly by details of developed orchestral writing that one doesn't expect to hear in an Italian opera produced in 1842; but one is not struck by outstanding examples of Donizetti's melodic structures like those in his best-known operas or the *"Spirito gentil"* in the unfamiliar *La Favorita*. Serafin conducts a performance in which Antonietta Stella's voice has a peculiar and unattractive timbre much of the time and she executes florid passages with effort that remains evident instead of achieving the appearance of effortlessness these passages should have. But Cesare Valletti contributes his beautiful singing, phrasing and style; there is good singing by Renato Capechi, Giuseppe Taddei (except for the frayed top of his voice) and Fedora Barbieri; and the chorus and orchestra are the excellent ones of the San Carlo in Naples.

As for standard repertory, one of the events of the year is the *Marriage of Figaro* on Victor LM-6408, which has the superb singing of Giorgio Tozzi as Figaro, George London as the Count, Lisa Della Casa as the Countess, Roberta Peters as Susanna and Rosalind Elias as Cherubino, and the sensitive and expressive playing of the Vienna Philharmonic under Erich Leinsdorf, whose pacing gives the work the animation it doesn't always have in the excellent Epic and London performances conducted by Boehm and Kleiber. But to ears accustomed to hearing *"Deh vieni non tardar"* sung with appogiaturas the aria suffers by being sung without them. The performance includes the inconsequential arias of Marcellina and Basilio in Act 4 that are usually omitted; but the accompanying libretto doesn't include some of the recitative sung by Marcellina, Figaro and Barberina in this act; also it has two bad omissions in the third-act duet of Susanna and the Count; and Dent's free translation is less helpful in following the performance in Italian than a literal translation would be.

An opera performance at one of the European summer festivals offers the opportunity to hear unusual assemblages of singers; and Pathe DTX-206/8 has a *Marriage of Figaro* of the 1955 Festival of Aix-en-Provence (recorded at actual performances) in which one can hear the distinguished singing of Teresa Stich-Randall as the Countess, the lovely and vivacious singing of Rita Streich as Susanna, the charming singing of Pilar Lorengar as Cherubino. With these, however, one hears the coarse voice of Rolando Panerai, who sings Figaro, the no longer beautiful voice of Heinz Rehfuss, who is the Count, and the last shreds of the voice of Hugues Cuenod, the Basilio – the one good male singer in the performance being Marcello Cortis, the Bartolo. And one hears a performance conducted by Hans Rosbaud which moves without the lightness, animation, grace and saliency this music should have, and in which the Paris Conservatory Concerts Orchestra plays with no beauty of tone or life in phrasing.

Capitol-EMI G-7170 has a number of fine Handel arias: the lovely "Where'er you walk" from *Semele* and less familiar ones from *Acis and Galatea, Alexander's Feast, Judas Maccabaeus, Joshua, Samson* and *Jephtha* which include three pieces that are among Handel's greatest – the recitative "Deeper and deeper still" and the aria "Waft her, angels" from *Jephtha* and the aria "Total eclipse!" from *Samson*. And Richard Lewis' beautiful tenor voice, his long-breathed, supple and expressive phrasing, his remarkably clear diction, makes his performances with the London Symphony under Sargent outstanding.

An important event is Angel's reissue, on the quieter-surfaced records of Album 3588, of the *Tristan and Isolde* formerly on Victor LM-6700, with not only Flagstad's singing but the extraordinarily beautiful and sensitive singing of Ludwig Suthaus, the beautiful playing of the London Philharmonia, the superb pacing and shaping of the music by Furtwaengler – all of which make this one of the great performances on records.

Odeon has reissued on XOC-121 dubbings of the old Conchita Supervia recordings of excerpts from *Carmen*, including the Card Trio of Act 3 and the final duet of Act 4. To obtain the true dry sound of her unusual voice on the original records one must turn down the treble knob, cancelling the treble boost of the dubbing that gives the voice a false shiny brightness. I hope Odeon will also reissue the Supervia performances of Rossini arias, with their exciting coloratura style.

B. H. HAGGIN

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Correspondence

Money for Schools

Sirs:

In reference to your constructive editorial proposal of September 21 on the teacher shortage, may I point out that even were colleges to require fewer lectures by professors and more individual study in libraries by students, we would still need many more libraries and classrooms than we are going to have a decade hence. The President has helped to assure this by his second veto of the housing bill. In that veto, Mr. Eisenhower said that he could not approve aiding education "by methods that would tend to displace the investment of private funds in these projects"; that is, he could not approve federal loans at less than three percent.

It is a familiar theme – the superiority of private over public investment – but how unrealistic it is. The $62.5 million for classroom construction originally submitted to the President by House-Senate conferees (the Senate had originally favored $125 million) would not have displaced the investment of private funds on any significant scale, for the simple reason that hard-pressed colleges cannot afford to pay the six percent interest on loans charged by private lenders. I admire a man of principle, which Mr. Eisenhower unquestionably is, but I believe he is obliged to explain how colleges are to get the $11 to $15 billion which the American Council on Education estimates they will need between now and 1970 for *expanded* facilities

Andrew Merritt,
San Francisco, California

A College Consumers' Union

Sirs:

Just a suggestion that you send a copy of the September 14 issue to each of the Foundations which interests itself in education, marking the editorial on "College Consumers' Union." There is a real need for a guide book which gives up to date, objective, and pertinent information on the selection of a college or university together with general background material informing parents and prospective students on how they can avoid gross errors in matching their own interests and abilities with a school.

We are entering a period in which there will be many changes in higher education and in the relative standing of institutions. Even if Uncle Joe's assessment of Old Siwash in 1939 were accurate this will be of little relevance in 1960. Your editorial serves to show how tenuous the reason behind the choice of a university may be. The sum of wastage and disappointment resulting in poor selections must be terrific. Some non-profit organization with suitable personnel could render a useful service by exploring this area and making the results available.

George M. Ewing, Lawton, Oklahoma

A Modern Opera in Chicago

Sirs:

I would like to express appreciation for Frank J. Warnke's article "The Dilemma & the Promise of Modern Opera" *(September 14).* Although Mr. Warnke did not have adequate space to delve deeply into a subject that all but overwhelms opera managements and their publics, he did provide excellent commentary on two of the most significant composers of opera in this century, Leos Janacek and Richard Strauss.

Mr. Warnke is not quite correct in his statement that all of Janacek's operas were composed between 1903 and his death in 1928. The great Czech's most frequently performed opera, *Jenufa,* was begun as early as 1894, although it was not performed until 1904 shortly after the score was completed. Lyric Opera of Chicago will present *Jenufa* in November of this year, thus offering Americans the first opportunity since 1924 to witness a professional staged presentation of the opera. By participating in what is rapidly becoming a world-wide revival of interest in Janacek's operas, Lyric Opera of Chicago feels that it is bringing to America one of the outstanding operas of the last sixty years. We feel that those who hear *Jenufa* in Chicago, and who hear others of the composer's operas, cannot help but share the enthusiasm expressed in Mr. Warnke's article.

Byron Belt, Assistant Manager
Lyric Opera of Chicago

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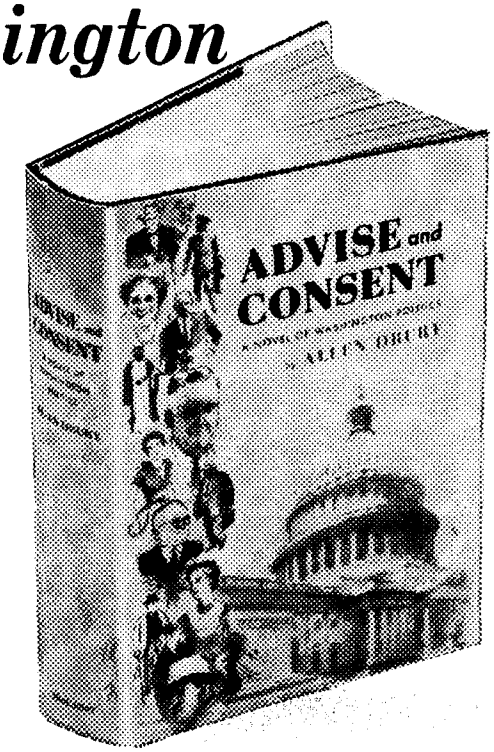

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